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SERMON TRAILS
for BOYS & GIRLS

Books by CARL S. WEIST



50 SERMON TALKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

52 SERMON TRAILS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

MORE SERMON TRAILS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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by CARL S. WEIST



HARPER & BROTHERS·*Publishers*

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MORE SERMON TRAILS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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TO SUSAN

whose singing child-heart is a constant delight

*There was a child went forth every day;
And the first object he looked upon, the object he became;
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain
part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles
of years;*

The early lilacs became part of this child

—WALT WHITMAN



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Foreword

There are those who say that it is never necessary to point out lessons in stories, that a good story points its own moral. However that may be, I have found that it is well for boys and girls at the beginning to have clearly in mind the goal you would like to reach which may be presented in the first few sentences with a verse of Scripture. Afterward a few paragraphs relating the story directly to their lives and tying it back to the Scripture help greatly in clinching the truth. In this way the story is not left dangling in the air.

Jesus told the story of the sower, but immediately after applied it point by point at some length. On the other hand after another story he simply said, "Go and do thou likewise." This may mean that we should vary somewhat our method of presentation, a great deal depending upon the character of the story.

CARL S. WEIST

Mount Vernon, New York

More
SERMON TRAILS
for BOYS & GIRLS



Religion on a Raft

But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Matthew 6:33.

ON OCTOBER 21, 1942, Eddie Rickenbacker and seven men set out from Hickam Field, Hawaii, in a Flying Fortress to fly to Island X. Captain Rickenbacker was to make an inspection of air combat bases in the Pacific as he had done in the Atlantic. After some hours in the air, somehow they missed the island and having used up their gasoline were forced to land on the water. They piled out of the plane, which remained on the surface for six minutes, and into the rubber rafts, taking with them some things, but in the excitement of getting out forgetting both the water and the food.

When the rafts were tied together and they were safely drifting along, it was discovered they had but four oranges and some chocolate bars. The bars were never eaten as they became wet and had to be thrown away. Each orange was divided into eight pieces, one piece a day being given to each man.

All the luggage had been thrown out before the plane landed: the big bundle of mail, the cots, blankets, a brand-new coat Captain Eddie had just bought, a beautiful new suitcase, a spare bridge his dentist had recently made for him. "Let the moment come," Rickenbacker tells us, "when nothing is left but life and you will find that you do not hesitate over the fate of material possessions, however deeply they may have been cherished."

For twenty-one days they drifted, days which were so hot they fairly burned up with the heat, and nights so cold they almost froze. The meager food supply kept getting lower and lower and they had no water at all for those first days, excepting of course the water from the tiny pieces of orange each one was given. They tried fishing with orange peel but to no avail; the fish scorned their bait.

But one day, when they were on the verge of starving, Captain Eddie felt something on his head. Cautiously, very cautiously he moved his hand up. "I knew," he says, "that if I missed this one, I'd never find another to sit on my hat. . . . Slowly and surely my hand got up there; I didn't clutch, but just closed my fingers, sensing his nearness, then closing my fingers hard."

Did they have a feast then! They ate most all of that sea gull, even the bones. It saved their lives, and how strange that it should light on the hat of Captain Eddie. Was it sent there, do you think, by some power beyond itself? Anyway what was left from that gull made good bait for fish and soon they hooked several small ones. Days later a good-sized mackerel chased by sharks leaped right into the raft; then there was another feast, this time raw fish.

But what to me is most significant in this twenty-one-day drift was the religion on those rafts. For religion was very real there. They knew they had done all that man can do; now they were in the hands of God. There is an old saying: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." This means that when we are in danger and have done the very last thing we can do, God has a chance to be heard. He may step in then and we are willing to listen to His voice.

One of the men, Bartek, had a New Testament. As Captain Eddie watched him read it, an idea came—why not have prayers together? "I am not a religious man," he says, "but I was taught the Lord's Prayer at my mother's knee, and I had gone to Sunday school. If I had any religion in

my later life, it was based on the Golden Rule. Yet I have always been conscious of God." Is it not interesting that a man should say that he is not a religious man, at the same time telling us that he organized a prayer meeting and has always been conscious of God? We should like to ask him what a religious man really is.

Following out this idea, they pulled at the ropes and drew the rafts up close together in triangle fashion. Then each one in turn read a passage of Scripture. This prayer meeting was continued during the ensuing days. No matter what else was read, this from the Sermon on the Mount was always read:

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (Matthew 6:31-34)

Several of the men gave up in a day or two because God did not answer their prayers at once, but the rest continued to pray each day, night and morning. Captain Eddie says that they did not sit back and let God do it all; they did the best they could to help themselves. Undoubtedly the best answer to their prayers was the feeling that God was near them. That is always the best answer: not what we get from God, but a clearer knowledge of His presence with us.

One of the boys died and had to be buried at sea, but the others drifted on, now and then having their thirst relieved by a squall of rain. When the rain fell, they would wring the water out of their clothes and catch it in a bucket and cartridge covers which were in the rafts.

Then one day—what a day that was!—they sighted an airplane. The next day they saw some more, and the next; and

then on the twenty-first they were picked up by Navy fliers and taken to hospitals.

Captain Eddie says, "All we could say was 'This is heaven,' and 'Thank God,' and 'God bless the Navy.'" And I am sure all of us join heartily with him and his men in thanking God.



An Organ Family

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing And he was angry, and would not go in. Luke 15:25, 28.

OF COURSE it was wrong for the younger son to leave home just because he could not have everything he wanted when he wanted it. But he was sorry, and he did come home.

Just at the height of the enjoyment of his home-coming, however, when everyone was dancing to lively music, and everything seemed harmonious, something happened. The older son became peeved, angry, the Scripture says. He was jealous because all through the years he had stayed at home and served faithfully, but no fatted calf had ever been killed for him. Here was his no-account brother being given a wonderful party. No sir, that wasn't fair! He would show his father; he would stay outside—and spoil everything. That was what he did. His jealousy must have dampened the music and the laughter for his father that day.

One day a game was going on in our street and since I always enjoy any kind of ball game, I listened in. All went

well for a short time; then thunder broke loose. For there were several boys and girls who did not want to do anything the others did. They had their own rules for passed balls and hits over the fence; they argued loud and long over every close decision on the bases and insisted that it be settled their way; they wanted to be their own umpire at the bat. They played their pipes but the others wouldn't dance. Finally things became so bad that it sounded like this: (At this point the organist rests his arms on the organ keyboard and the discord is terrific.)

Yes, it sounded like that. The possibilities of music were there, but the music had departed; all that was left was a loud clanging and a terrible discord.

When the troublemakers were gone, the players who were left talked it over for quite a while, then started playing again. Evidently they had learned a lesson, for there was no more anger and no more argument. The play was more like this: (Organist plays some lovely tune.)

There we have two ways of playing an organ. The organ has all the possibilities of great music in it, but you have to play it correctly to get from it lovely harmony. If you play so that the notes clash one upon another; if your left hand goes off by itself playing anything it wants, while the right goes off on its own tune, you cannot have harmony; the two hands must work together.

A family has the possibilities of making great music; it is like an organ. The father may be like the bass (trombone stop played). Slightly resembles a bear, doesn't it? But the roar is worse than the bite. And the mother like the flute (flute stop), rather gentle and kind; the sister somewhat like the oboe (oboe stop)—sweet, isn't it? And the boy like the trumpet (trumpet stop), a bit raucous. But put together correctly, they bring forth beautiful music.

Sometimes the boy will play the wrong note; he may decide that his is the right way and he is going to have his own

way willy-nilly. Notice what this behavior may do to an otherwise harmonious family. (Organist plays correctly all but certain notes, which are discordant.) Did you find the boy in that? Did you notice how a few discordant tones spoil the music? Sometimes, it is the girl who ruins the harmony and peace of the home. Often I have thought that if they could only hear the family organ the way it should be played (organ plays softly) they would never allow obstinacy, jealousy, selfishness, or plain downright meanness to creep into the home again.

Take that larger organ family with its immense keyboard, humanity, all the races of men. What a wonderful organ, what a beautiful instrument it is, and how poorly we play it. Just now the nations sound like a number of cats tied together (squeals from organ). Why? Because we have not yet learned what sweet music we could make if each played his part well, and played with thought for the notes of others. I want you to hear how this great organ of nations would sound if we could learn the art of playing and working together.

(Organist plays majestically last phrases of "The Lost Chord.")



Human Sunshine

A cheerful heart is a good medicine. Proverbs 17:22.

HOW TRUE that is you must know if you have tried it. Food is more easily digested if you smile and laugh while you eat; whereas if you want to have indigestion just grumble and grouch at breakfast. If you should happen to fall ill, the best medicine in the world, doctors say, is a box of smile tablets and some bottles full of hearty laughs, taken with each meal and generously in between. Sunshine is a fine medicine; human sunshine is a sure cure.

A few years ago I told you about Lewis Cook, a young man in my home town of Basil, Ohio, who was paralyzed for life by diving into Poplar Creek on our own farm. I sent him a copy of what I said to you and he wrote back—he is crippled for life you know and can scarcely hold a pen—that I had gotten the wrong man. He must have smiled as he wrote that for he is always smiling. There is a man at Lancaster nine miles away, he wrote, who really deserves your attention. He is wonderful. He was clearing some hill-side land near the county seat when a premature explosion occurred which blinded him.

Born and raised in Texas, he busted horses, herded cows, farmed, taught school, then came to a small college in Ohio. Later he attended a medical school at Columbus and for some years was surgical assistant to Dr. Baldwin at Grant Hospital. Moving his family to Lancaster, he purchased a

plot of land near the city where he raised flowers and enjoyed the lovely hills lying all about.

Then came the explosion! Blind for the remainder of his life—that is what the surgeon told him. Did he go into a dark cloud of gloom? On the contrary, his face became wreathed in smiles. All nurses and physicians who came near him were kept laughing till they left the room; and even after that they smiled as they passed down the corridors stopping to tell some patient Dr. Lee Chapman's latest joke.

But it was not easy; he had to fight for this cheerfulness. He tells us about the first night when a whole army of imps drew up their big guns around his bed and placed him in a state of siege. The goblins jabbed his face, and jumped up and down on his body, shouting that he was going to be uglier than before. He clenched his fist and said, "Uglier than before! That is absolutely impossible!" Then with a hearty laugh he shouted: "You are liars, every one of you. Get off my head, off my chest, off my bed and out of my room instantly if not quicker!"

"It was a rout," he says, "they fled from my room in confusion and disorder. A voice at my right said, 'I am General Determination,' and one at my left, 'I am Captain Resolution.' These friends told me that I had used the proper weapon; no devil could stand the gaff of a hearty laugh, and, dear reader, I have found it so."

Indeed he has. With a generous dose of this medicine he begins every day, and the way he has faced his blindness is nothing less than remarkable. Within a week or so after the accident each day he spent as much time as his strength would allow learning to use the typewriter. Then he turned to making baskets, candlesticks, toys, and gadgets of his own designing. Soon he was known throughout the countryside; schools and churches asked him to come and tell them how it was he could be so happy. Lewis Cook says, "He maintains an exceptionally large correspondence with handi-

capped persons, and devotes time and energy to encouraging all such. He is live-minded as most men half his age."

He writes verse at odd times, often laughing at himself. Here is one about his baldness:

Justification

Will some one stand and please explain
Why men whose domes are bare;
Should be the targets for the jests
Of people ev'rywherc?

The baldheads do a lot of good
In this old world's affairs;
They do it with the stuff inside,
And not at all with hairs.

The baldpates never deal in frowns,
They cause the world to smile,
And if they do no other things,
Their lives are still worth while.

I like that verse. And this one which shows his thinking:

Getting What One Wants

If what I want cannot be had,
I simply use my head;
I pick out things that may be had,
And want those things instead.

You see, when he lost his eyes, Dr. Lee Chapman found some other things. He discovered something about happiness—that you may have it right in your own heart if you make the most of what you have left. He wrote some lines about this:

The Selfish View

So many sad things have occurred
To take the joys away,
To crush the soul, to hush the songs,
But still I'm glad and gay.

Just why I'm happy may be asked,
My answer plain may be;
Of all sad things which have occurred,
So few have come to me.

Now aren't you glad to be introduced to this doctor, Lee Chapman, the author of *Human Sunshine*? A cheerful heart is a good medicine. Go, and do thou likewise.



Lefty Grove Struck Out His Temper

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Proverbs 16:32.

ON JULY 25, 1941, Lefty Grove, one of the truly great baseball pitchers of all time, won his three hundredth game. It was a great achievement, equaled only by two others in the previous twenty-five years. For twenty-one years he had pitched in the big league at Philadelphia and then at Boston, winning as high as thirty-one games in a single season. His left arm was the reason for the Athletics of Philadelphia winning three championships in succession.

The ball used in the three hundredth game was autographed and is now in the national museum at Cooperstown, New York, where some day Grove's portrait will be done in bronze.

He was a great pitcher, but there are two facts about his character which stand out above his pitching and which every boy in America would do well to remember.

First: He knew he was a good player, but he was willing

to learn. After his fast ball began to lose some of its zip, if he had said, "No! no soft pitching for me; I'll never come down to that," he never would have been able to stay in the American League. Instead he studied his weakness and learned how to throw an effective curved ball and a fork ball. Because of a sore arm from pitching his fast ball continuously, in 1934 he closed the season with only eight victories. Everyone thought he was done, "washed up," that is, everyone except Robert Moses Grove. His spirit was far from washed up, and setting to work that winter he came out in the spring with a whole new set of weapons with which to fool the batters and win twenty games again.

He was willing to learn from opposing pitchers. He did not like the thought that anyone was better in the pitcher's box than he, but he admitted it on July Fourth during his first season in the majors. That day he lost 1-0 to the Yankees in New York, with Herb Pennock as the opposing pitcher. Later Grove said, "Pennock showed me what control meant to a pitcher. I pitched a good game, but with half as much speed and effort Pennock pitched a better one."

The second point of his character which will help us is this: he learned not only to control his pitches but to change his disposition. The Proverbs writer says that this changing of our tempers is more important than ruling a city. A boy and girl who are not able to control themselves certainly will never be able to govern others. If you are slow to anger, you have power, says the Scripture; you are stronger than the mighty.

Well, Lefty Grove at first did not have a good disposition; managers knew he was hard to handle. It should be said here that, even though his temper was hot at times, he never left a game, never walked out on a club, never used his fists in arguing with players, and no umpire ever had to put him out of a game. However, he did have an almost unmanageable temper which caused him no end of trouble. A teammate said

once, "All Grove used to have was a fast ball and a mean disposition." There were times when for quite a while he would not speak to other members of the club, and when he did speak, it was only to abuse them. He was very critical of players and grew sullen and angry when anyone made a mistake.

One day in 1933 at Cleveland, Connie Mack, the Athletics' manager, put Grove in as relief pitcher. No sooner was he in than an outfielder misjudged a fly and two runs scored. When Lefty came in after the inning, he threw his glove into the dugout and shouted: "That's the last relief pitching I'll ever do for this club! You guys save your own lousy games after this!"

"Don't talk like that," said Connie Mack.

"Don't tell me how to talk," said Grove kicking his jacket about on the floor.

"I'll tell you how to talk," replied Mack, and turning to Rube Walberg, he said, "Go down and warm up, Walberg, and we'll get a real pitcher into this game."

When the Athletic batters were retired, however, Grove picked up a glove and went back into the game. The Athletics won 4-2. That night Lefty apologized and Mack said: "Oh, that's all right, Robert. We all get worked up sometimes, but you must try to control your temper."

He did try, and the best of it is, he succeeded. He had the will power to stick at it until he conquered. His defeats made a new man of him. When he felt he could not be beaten, he was hotheaded, ready to criticize and blame; but when he had to face a series of defeats, he saw that something had to be done about his temper. Thus he turned defeat into a sort of victory into the greatest victory anyone can have—victory over self.

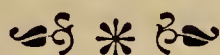
Later Grove said: "I could really get mad in those days." And one day when Werber in the dugout kicked the water bucket in a moment of rage and broke his toe, Grove said,

"First, you always ought to kick an empty bucket, and second, you should always kick it with the bottom of your foot, not your toe."

Robert Moses Grove ruled his own city, called self, and did it so well that in the last game he ever pitched in the majors an old friend said, "Well, he's a better guy now." And Connie Mack with a smile said: "I took more from Grove than I would from any other man living. He said things and did things—but he's changed. I've seen it come, year by year. He's got to be a great fellow."

Maybe we are unwilling to learn and hard to get along with. We can change, Lefty Grove's career says, can change until we become humble, even-tempered, and strong as the ruler of a city.

How about trying it, beginning today?



Destroying Enemies

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. I John 4:20.

JOHN'S words seem to have been written for today, for just now there is a debate going on in America as to whether to hate our brothers or to have good will toward them. Recently a speaker on the radio said, "Hatred is a good healthy emotion, we must hate Germany;" whereupon the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote an editorial saying this among other

things: "If artificially stimulated, upheld as sufficient guides to thought and conduct, these emotions (hate and revulsion) can be just as blind and just as destructive as the forces that brought them into being." The article ended thus: "The hatred of eighty million Germans can only cloud a cloudy situation." John would certainly say amen to that, would he not?

And there is another who would say amen to it, and that is a great American, Abraham Lincoln. How did he treat his brothers, the leaders and people of the South? Well, let us look at the record.

Once he said: "I love the southern people more than they love me. My desire is to restore the Union. I do not intend to hurt the hair of the head of a single man in the South if I can help it."

One day a woman sitting outside in the reception room overheard the President saying some kind words about the South: "Human beings, aren't they? One can't be without pity even in war." How could he say such things, she flashed, when he should be trying to destroy his enemies?

"What, madam?" he answered slowly. "Do I not destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

A young girl from Virginia wanted to get through the Union lines to visit her captured brother.

"You are loyal, of course?" asked the President.

"Yes," she answered, "loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia."

Lincoln wrote a line or two and gave her the paper. At the door her friend said: "Didn't I warn you to be careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Tears were in her eyes as she read: "Pass Miss Blank, she is an honest girl and can be trusted."

After the war was over Lincoln said: "It is no pleasure for me to triumph over anyone. We must not sully victory with harshness. . . . I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

Near the close of the war he was visiting sick, wounded soldiers. At one door he was stopped with these words:

"Mr. President, you don't want to go in there."

"Why not, my boy?"

"They are rebel prisoners."

"That is just where I do want to go," he said, and walking in shook hands from cot to cot, speaking words which he thought might bring comfort.

How did Lincoln treat the enemy army after it was defeated? Not with hate and vengeance but with gentleness. The great opposing general, Robert E. Lee, beloved by the South and the thoughtful people of the North, rode unharmed to his home. General Grant had carried out Lincoln's wishes at Appomattox where the surrender took place. General Lee said that most of his men owned their horses. "Very well," said Grant, "let them take the animals home with them." Lee remarked to some officers that his men had no provisions. Grant, hearing it, directed that twenty-five thousand rations be sent to Lee's men. "This," said Lee, "will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and do much toward conciliating our people."

Union gunners were ready to fire a salute; Grant forbade it, directing that there be no cheers over a broken army. Thus were Lincoln's desires carried out in letter and in spirit.

Jefferson Davis was President of the Southern Confederacy. Lincoln said that he wanted him to escape, as he did not wish to deal with the matter of punishment.

"There shall be no hangings or killings," he said. "Enough lives have been sacrificed already. We must extinguish resentment if we expect harmony and reunion." "Let 'em up easy," the President said, "let 'em up easy."

"Love your brother," said John, "for he who loveth God loveth his brother also." Said Abraham Lincoln, "Do I not destroy my enemies when I make them friends?"



Forget Not

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.
Psalms 103:2.

FORGET not. That is our trouble, is it not? We do forget. Someone does a kindness for us and we remember for a little while then it slips our minds entirely. Oh, of course, we meant to do it, intended to tell our day-school teacher how much we appreciated what she had done for us; we had the idea of going to our church-school teacher and thanking her; but we didn't do either of these, we simply forgot.

Our daily duties and pleasures so filled up our minds that we didn't have time to remember. "We forgot," as Irving Berlin says, "to remember."

One day a lifeguard who had saved many lives on a very busy beach was asked how many had ever returned to thank him. For a few moments he knit his brow in thought, then said, "One. Of course, you know," he went on, apologizing for thankless folk, "they are so much frightened and often so weak at the time, that they hardly know what has happened to them. Then, too, they think it is my work, as it is. It is not necessary to thank one who is paid to do a certain task."

But somehow, do you not feel that if someone had saved your life, you would want to remember him now and then, even if he were only doing his duty at the time?

Not long ago a clipping was sent me from a paper which gives us a splendid Thanksgiving story.

Robert S. MacCormack of Brooklyn went to his mailbox

recently and found the twenty-fourth in a series of letters which he receives on the same date each year. Who has written him every year for twenty-four years? A man named Harry D. Parkin. Parkin was a major in the First World War and near a French village just North of Verdun on November 4, 1918, was badly wounded during a German advance. He fell into a shell hole, ordering MacCormack, who was a sergeant then, to retreat.

But MacCormack refused to obey; instead he threw his body over that of the major to protect him. As a result of it, MacCormack was captured when the Germans swarmed over them.

That was twenty-four years ago, time enough for anyone to forget. Not Major Parkin; he remembers not to forget. So every year he writes a letter telling MacCormack once more how much he appreciates what he did that day in France.

Sergeant MacCormack, who hasn't seen the major since 1929, has one great desire: to have a chance to visit the major and have a half-hour talking over the battle. I hope, and I'm sure you do, that he will have that half-hour and more.

Now, it was not necessary for Major Parkin to keep on writing for twenty-four years. He could have written a letter of thanks or several of them and let it go at that. But do you see what he has done? By not forgetting he has made Thanksgiving a very beautiful day, for November 4 is his Thanksgiving Day.

Here is much for us to think about. In a very real sense you and I, boys and girls, owe our lives to God. He it is who gives us this life which flows through our bodies and souls, and gives us food to eat and nourishment for our hearts. We owe everything to God. Let us not forget Him then, but instead make every day, every year, a happy, grateful Thanksgiving time.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not.



Robert E. Lee---Believer

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another . . . If we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us. I John 4:11, 12.

ROBERT E. LEE was a Confederate general in the war between the South and the North, 1861 to 1865, and was by far the outstanding general of the war. But he was more than a great general; he was a Christian gentleman who loved God and his fellow men. I wish that every boy and girl in America would study his life to discover where his greatness lay. If the fine qualities of this life could be copied by Americans, we would soon have a stronger nation and, I believe, a different world.

When the war broke out, he was an officer in the army, having attended West Point, but on a number of occasions he said that choosing the military career was the great mistake of his life. He did not like war and one day he said, "You have no idea what a horrible sight a field of battle is." When the southern states began to secede from the Union, he opposed secession. In 1869 he wrote, "I was not in favor of secession and was opposed to war; in fact . . . I was for the Constitution and the Union established by our forefathers. No one is more in favor of that Constitution." But he loved Virginia, his home state, and when Virginia seceded he could see nothing else to do but to defend his beloved state from invasion.

He was a believer. He believed in God, trusted in God, prayed to Him constantly on the field and in his home. He

wanted the South to win, of course, but God's will was always uppermost in his mind. In his letters and in his words to the Army and to the South, he spoke often of trying to do God's will. No matter how things turned out, he was certain that "God will order all things right." No doubt it was this feeling that God was ordering things which made him so loyal to the Union after the war. He told the South to give up all opposition, to regard the United States as their country, and to work for harmony and better understanding. It was his gentle spirit, his belief in God, and his love for mankind that did much to get rid of the hate and bitterness which always follow a war.

Church attendance was more than a habit with him; it was a necessity, and in his home always there were family prayers before breakfast. No one in the household was excused from attending this prayer time. If anyone was late, his disapproval was very evident. Once a member of the family said she was sure that General Lee would not have had a good opinion of George Washington, whom he revered, if the Father of his Country had been late for family prayers.

Robert E. Lee believed in the common man. The soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia knew this, so that the General was endeared to all of them. He never missed an opportunity to talk to them and the men knew that they had a staunch friend in him. After a battle Lee met a soldier with a shattered arm.

"I grieve for you, my poor fellow," said the general. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir, you can shake hands with me, General, if you will consent to take my left hand." Lee grasped his hand warmly.

At Gettysburg, a column of tired men was marching by, when one of them broke ranks and walked up to his general.

A member of the staff tried to turn him back, but Lee said, "Let him come on."

"What is it you want?" he asked the soldier.

"Please, General, I don't want much, but it's powerful wet marching this weather. I can't see for the water in my eyes. I came aside to this old hill to get a rag or something to wipe the sweat out of my eyes."

Promptly Lee took a handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to him. "Will this do?" asked the general.

"Yes, my lordy, that indeed!" said the man, and quickly turned back to his regiment.

He believed in them, loved them; his men knew it and it was this knowledge which turned the Army of Northern Virginia into one of the hardest fighting units the world has ever known.

Because of his belief in God and in man, Robert E. Lee believed in the power of gentleness and love. So kind and considerate was he with the officers under him that it has been said that he was "Too much of a gentleman to be a commander of the first rank." But when you see how adored and loved he was by his generals and officers, you understand the power of gentleness.

There was no place for hate in his heart; he believed in love. One evening after the war a minister raged against the North. At the door, Lee said: "Doctor, there is a good old Book which I read and you preach from, which says, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in spirit with that teaching?"

The preacher apologized for what he had said, and then Lee added: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter

or vindictive feelings and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

One day a general came to him to say that Sheridan with his cavalry had destroyed their rations, and now the Union prisoners should not be fed.

General Lee replied calmly: "The prisoners we have here, General, are my prisoners; they are not General Grant's prisoners, and as long as I have any rations at all, I shall divide them with my prisoners."

In the years after the war he would not discuss the old bitter issues. "I think it wisest not to keep open the scars of war," he said. At a hotel in the South a northern family was left quite to themselves. Lee noticed this and said that since no one would present him, he would introduce himself. Would any of the young people go with him?

"I will go, General Lee, under your orders," said a young lady.

"Not under my orders," he said, "but it will gratify me deeply to have your assistance."

On the way over he told the girl how sad he was at finding so much bitterness among young people.

"But General Lee," she said, "did you never feel resentment toward the North?"

In a quiet voice he answered: "I believe I may say, looking into my own heart, and speaking as in the presence of God, that I have never known one moment of bitterness or resentment."

Robert E. Lee believed in God; believed in man; believed in gentleness and love. Now, I am sure, you must understand why he is one of our greatest Americans. If we will learn from him how to treat enemies, we will be on the way to a more brotherly world.



The Goantu Family

But what think ye? A man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work today in the vineyard. And he answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented, himself, and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: and went not. Which of the two did the will of his father? Matthew 21:28-30.

WHAT do you think? Do you think the son did the father's will who said, "Sure, Dad, I'll go," then forgot all about it? Or the one who said, "I will not," but changed his mind and went?

Boys and girls were not different in Jesus' day from what they are now; they had the Goantu family then; we have it now. They are the ones who say, "I'm a goantu do it," "I was a goantu," but never do what they say they will do.

It is a large family—this Goantu family. There are Ivan Goantu the father, and Ima Goantu the mother; the sons—Willie Goantu, Izzie Goantu, and Ben Goantu; the daughters, Neva Goantu, Abbey Goantu, and Emma Goantu. This family will cheerfully promise most anything. They say, "Why just as well as not," "Surely, we'll be glad to do that," and having said it, they think their whole duty is done. Ivan Goantu says, "Yes, indeed, I'll be at church next Sunday." One cannot help but smile at Ivan for you feel certain he will not be there.

Why? Because Goantu is not only a family; it is a habit boys and girls, men and women fall into, and once in it is

hard to get out. There is a word for it: independable. We just cannot depend on them; their word does not mean much.

One of the best things that can be said about a boy or girl is this: he or she is absolutely to be depended on. If they say they will do something, it is the same as done. If you have them on a committee, you can go on your way, and forget about it. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* was a popular book in the First World War; like Mr. Britling, they see things through.

Every day you are forming habits; you may not know it but you are. One boy I know has the habit of squinting his nose. At first he knew what he was doing but now his nose squints when he does not want it to, in fact he does not know it is squinting. Like that you are forming habits of being on time, going straight home from school, and doing your homework promptly instead of loafing about and putting it off. If you learn to go straight to a task and tackle it even though it is not an easy one, you are forming a habit which will stay with you all through life. Half of the failures, we are told, come not because boys and girls are not bright or clever enough, but because they do not stick to their work and see it through.

Not long ago someone in trouble came to me. I gave her a letter of introduction to a man who might have helped, a busy man in New York. She called him on the telephone and made an appointment, but never appeared at the time set, nor did she give any reason for not doing so. It was a disappointment instead of an appointment. It disappointed the man; it disappointed me. That man must think that I too belong to the Goantu family.

Jesus was talking about this very thing when he told about the sons. The one was like Andy; he probably had a "big business men's meetin'" to attend, or some "big propolition." "Sho! Sho!" he said. "Ah agrees with you there," but that was the end of it.

Did you ever hear of Susa? Susa was a black boy with David Livingstone in Africa. When Livingstone died in the jungle, Susa said he would take the body of the man he loved back to London. He did. Others gave up, but not Susa. You see he did not belong to the Goantu tribe, but kept on and on through heat, swamps, flooded rivers, poisonous reptiles, for thousands of miles, until finally he stood by the grave of his old friend in Westminster Abbey, London. Susa had seen it through.

A good motto is "Do-it-now." Today not tomorrow. Tomorrow you may forget. Tomorrow you may not have time. Say good-by to the Goantu family and join the "Do-it-nows."



Puzzle Lake

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed. . . . And [the angel] blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for, said he, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. Genesis 32:24, 28, 29, 30.

THERE is a reason for this wrestling match and for it we must go back to earlier days. Isaac, the son of Abraham, had two sons. The older, Esau, covered with hair, was strong, a clever hunter, a man of the field; the younger, Jacob, was a plain man dwelling in tents. As was the custom in those days, Isaac, when

he was about to die, called Esau, his elder son, to bless him. The father said, "Go into the field and get me some venison and make a savory dish and bring it to me and I will bless thee." Now it happened that Rebekah, the mother, overheard these words and since she favored Jacob she told him quickly to get two lambs from the fold, cook them, and take them to Isaac and receive the blessing intended for Esau. Jacob said that he was not hairy like Esau, but Rebekah took care of that by covering him with skins of the goats. Jacob took the meat in to his father, and Isaac, thinking he was Esau, bestowed his blessing upon him, which, once being given, could not be taken back.

When Jacob heard Esau coming, he ran away, for his conscience troubled him. He thought he could get away from it but he never could. Wherever he went, there was this something in his heart telling him that he had done wrong in deceiving his father and grabbing his brother's birthright.

More than that, Jacob knew that the voice which kept speaking to him was God and this troubled him more. Even in his sleep he could not get rid of the past; once with his head on a pillow he dreamed of a ladder to heaven. He had lost sight of God, but there was still a ladder of hope for him. Some day he might climb it.

In the land where he journeyed Jacob prospered but he was not satisfied; still his heart was not right. So, one day, he decided to go back home and see Esau. When he neared his homeland, he had an exciting experience: a wrestling match by night with a man he thought he knew. The man would not tell his name, but in the morning when he departed, Jacob knew who it was. It was God. It was Conscience. He had wrestled with his own conscience all night; his lower had fought against his better self, but his sense of right had finally won out. And this is the interesting fact of the story: when he cleared his heart of wrongdoing, he

saw God. "I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

Jacob had not been able to face God for quite a while. He could not pray to God, for the channel between them was choked up with weeds of wrong.

Have you ever heard of the hyacinth? I do not mean the flower but rather the plant which grows down south in rivers, lakes, and canals. It is a sort of floating plant and grows so fast that it soon almost completely chokes up the channels. Marjorie Rawlings in her book *Cross Creek* tells us about a small boat trip down the St. Johns River, which at spots is almost entirely lost in a maze of hyacinths. There is a lake through which the river flows called Puzzle Lake because it is a kind of crossword puzzle with words formed from great clusters of hyacinth. The puzzle is to find the outlet.

In the story of Jacob we have a life choked up with hyacinths. The plant of wrongdoing had grown in Jacob's heart till he could no longer find the way through to God. He had a large Puzzle Lake in the very center of his heart and through it and over it were thick growths of hyacinth. Jacob had to clear the channel before he could find God.

Likewise you and I have to clear the channel before we can find God. Now and then a hyacinth begins to grow. We may have cheated a little as Jacob did. Perhaps we acted a lie; maybe we kept silent about a wrong done at school or home when we should have spoken. Have you ever told part of the truth but not quite all the truth about something you did or said?

There is another hyacinth called jealousy. Many boys and girls are afflicted with this. What an ugly plant it is and how quickly it grows. We say, "She was green with jealousy." Sure, she was green if she was jealous, for hyacinths are green and when they choke up a river, the river is no longer clear but dammed with green. When the plant of jealousy starts growing, there is only one thing to do: pull it out by

the roots, for we cannot see God if we are always thinking that someone else is more favored than we. To be jealous is to think too much about ourselves; to think too much about ourselves is to neglect God; and to neglect God is to lose life.

You know these hyacinths better than I do, and you can complete the list. What I am concerned with is that you spot them quickly. You cannot run away from them as Jacob tried to do. If you try to live with them you may get lost in Puzzle Lake. There is one way out: to wrestle with them till the last weed is torn from your heart.



A Dead Sea and a Live One

For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. Luke 9:24.

IT MAY make it easier to understand what Jesus is saying here if we think of two seas. One is called the Dead Sea. Travelers tell us it is well named; it is as dead as anything can be. Situated in the hottest, driest corner of Palestine, it lies sixty-five miles south of the Sea of Galilee. The Jordan River pours seven million tons of water into it every day, but the sea immediately turns it into a heavy, brackish liquid in which fish cannot live and in which a bather can stay up without effort. Fish which make a mistake and come down the Jordan are found cast like mummies upon the banks. Around it are salt hills and banks of gray slime while the odor of sulphur hangs in the air. Titus, the Roman emperor in 70 A.D., had two

slaves chained together and thrown into this sea, but they stayed up and came out alive.

The strange part of it all is that the surface of the sea looks like any fresh-water lake; the waters are blue as they ripple and sparkle in the sunshine, but the sea is dead.

And now the live sea. I am thinking of Lake Kezar in Maine which lies in the foothills of the White Mountains sixty-five miles northwest of Portland. It is ten miles long and varies from several hundred feet to a mile in width. Its shores are rocky for the most part; forests of pine, hemlock, and spruce run down to the water's edge. Hills and mountains rise quickly around it, and altogether it is so lovely that some travelers have called it the most beautiful lake in the world.

But it is more than beautiful; it is alive. In its clear, pure water fish dart—salmon, bass, pickerel, perch. From its edge spring trees, ferns, bushes, grass of many kinds. It is tingling with life, its water being so pure that if necessary it may be used for drinking. This sea is alive.

Why are these two seas so different? It is not a deep secret but a well-known fact. The Dead Sea has no outlet; Lake Kezar has. The surface of the Dead Sea is twelve hundred and ninety-one feet below the level of the ocean; Lake Kezar is three hundred and seventy-six feet above sea level. The water of the Dead Sea flows into a kind of trap from which the only way of escape is evaporation, and so it evaporates leaving behind sulphurous and nitrous matter. On the other hand the water of Kezar is constantly changed for it flows in through Cold and Great brooks and out into the Saco River to make green the countryside and turn mill wheels far down the valley.

The Dead Sea seems to say, "Ah, here it comes; I'll keep all this water for myself." But alas, in trying to hoard, it loses all. On the other hand Lake Kezar says, "Here comes fresh water down from Speckled Mountain. Rest awhile with

me and then I'll give you more water to pour into the valleys and plains to help trees, animals, and folks down there."

By this time you understand what these two seas are telling us. They are giving us a law or principle of life. If you breathe in but never breathe out, you do not live long; poisons accumulate in your body.

If you take good things into your life and never give them out, after a time you become a kind of Dead Sea; no one wants to be near you. You lose friends, for you cannot have friends unless you learn how to give kindness, loyalty, and love.

Some boys and girls say: "Here comes some money; I'll keep it all for myself. Why should I give any of it away to Christ or his church?" If they continue speaking and acting this way, they become poisoned, selfish folk, not the kind Jesus can use in his Kingdom, nor the kind on which real democracy can be built. They are Dead Sea folk.

Some churches say: "Why should we care about others in the world; let's build our church and do all our work here. Let's keep all this water for ourselves." As years go on what usually happens to such a church is that it dries up; the water of the spirit evaporates, and all that is left is a selfish, brackish mass of sulphurous and nitrous humans.

"No, there is a better way," says Jesus. The better way is to have an outlet, to lose your life but by so doing save it.



Halfway House

But Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. Luke 9:62.

A PLOW cannot run by itself. Anyone who has tried to plow new ground understands this very well. Just as soon as you take your hand off the plow handles, the plowshare strikes a root or a stone and jumps out of the ground. No plowing is ever done by one who works with his eyes on the furrow behind, or by one who keeps looking ahead for a time, then gives up and lets the horses go on without him.

Have any of you climbed Mount Washington by way of the carriage road? If so you know what a long, monotonous climb it is. On and on you go, picking your way over pebbles, millions of them, which after a time begin to stab through your sneakers or shoe soles until you think you are walking over miles of spikes.

The carriage road which starts from the Glen House on the Jackson side of the Presidential Range is eight miles long, or rather, eight long miles. After you have climbed four miles and think that surely you will come to the summit around the next corner, you turn a bend and suddenly come upon a house. To your surprise you find that it is the Halfway House and you must stop to pay a few cents toll for the privilege of walking over spikes all day.

If you have tears of discouragement to shed, prepare to shed them then. Some hikers do shed them, and so copiously

that they never go any farther, but drop out, contenting themselves with the comparatively meager view of the Great Gulf from this halfway point. They tell themselves that it is too tiresome to go on to the top; it is not worth all the effort; and besides, what is the use of doing all that walking when there is so much to be seen right there?

No man having put his foot to the carriage road and looking back is fit for the kingdom, at least not for the kingdom of Mount Washington. For it is a kingdom, unlike any other in this world. What a view! Miles and miles of forest, wave upon wave of rolling ranges, steep drops of thousands of feet, lovely misty distances, deep, shadowy gorges, and lakes without number sparkling down below. Best of all is the feeling of victory; under your own power you have actually climbed one of the great mountains of the American continent.

Washington does exact a great price for victory but is there anything worth while which does not cost? The baseball pitcher who throws low on the inside just at the knees of the batter, and then puts a ball on the outside shoulder high, does not do that by chance. Some time or other he had to pay a great price: hours and hours, days, months, and years of throwing, throwing, monotonously throwing till he felt like tossing his glove away and doing something easy.

"Before I was a master I was a slave," said Paderewski, but when I heard him play, with exquisite beauty and matchless execution, I was glad in my heart that he was once a slave.

No boy who puts his hand to the plow of schoolwork, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of education. No girl having put her hand to the piano and looking back at other girls playing in the street is fit for the kingdom of music. Education and music are never won by stopping at the halfway house. They are achieved by tireless plodding, hour after hour over miles of study and work which sometimes appear to be roads of spikes.

"If you would win the Kingdom," says Jesus, "forget the Halfway House; keep your eyes on the summit; no looking back."



The Sheep Killer

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. . . . And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. II Samuel 12:1, 7.

DAVID, King of Israel, was a very good man in many ways. He was a musician and a poet. He wrote many of the Psalms, the most beautiful religious poems in any language. But he was not perfect. He had his faults, though he did not like to have them pointed out to him, even as you and I, even as boys and girls.

One day Nathan, who the Scripture says was sent by God, came to David and told him a story. He said that there were two men in one city, the one rich, the other poor. The poor man had one little lamb as his sole possession. The lamb had grown up with his children and he loved it as he did them. There came a traveler to visit the rich man, and the host, selfishly desiring to spare his own flock, took the poor man's lamb and served it for dinner.

"What do you think of that, David?" asked Nathan.

"I think it is awful!" the king angrily replied. "Such a man ought to die. I will see to it that he gives that poor man four lambs instead of one."

Then Nathan looked straight at David and said, "Thou art the man."

Can you imagine how the king felt? How red his face must have been! He had never thought of himself as being like the rich man, but so he was; for very recently he had sent a man out to the front line of battle to die so that he could take the soldier's wife as his own.

How careful we are, sometimes, to lay the blame on some other boy or girl. We are never to blame for anything that happens. "She did that; it was all her fault." "He hit me first," one boy says, forgetting that the first blow was struck by himself perhaps with an angry word or a false accusation.

Out in Ohio on the farm we used to keep sheep. Every now and then Father would count the sheep, and one day he found that one was missing. Then others began to disappear and we knew at once what was taking place. Some dog was having a Commando raid each night and a party afterward. But whose dog was it? We knew our own dog was not guilty for we kept Scott chained at night.

So we began looking around the neighborhood. There were some dogs in the community to which at once the finger of suspicion pointed for they were fierce-looking animals and capable of killing sheep. There was a way to find out and that was to make a trap. We built a four-sided pen of rails from an old rail fence, drawing in the rails near the top so that a dog could jump into the trap but could not get out. On the ground inside the pen we placed the remains of a previous night's feast which we had found in a near-by field.

Early the next morning we hurried out to see if anything was in the pen—and what do you think we found there? A dog, smiling up at us, old Shep—the kind and gentle dog belonging to our nearest neighbor. What a surprise! Of all the dogs for miles about, he was the least likely to kill a sheep. He was such a good friend to all of us. We just could not believe it; but there he was, old Shep, and though it hurt to do it, we had to point our finger at him and say, "Thou art the dog!"

It made us all think a great deal about ourselves, as I hope you will think about yourself. Maybe instead of blaming someone else, we should point a finger at our own self and say, "Art thou the boy? Art thou the girl?"



So What?

But I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand. I Samuel 17:45-46.

SO WHAT? Did you ever say that? I have heard it many times. Fathers hear it now and then after they have carefully given reasons for their children doing or not doing something. When the lecture is all over, sons and daughters have a way of looking up at their dads and saying, "So what?" It is slang, of course, meaning, what are you going to do about it? Or sometimes it means, what difference does it make?

Even if it is a bit slangy, however, I think there is quite a lot of good sense in these words. "So what?" pricks the balloon of speech and anger that is getting too inflated and lets it down. No speaker can get too flowery when someone is ready to say with a smile, "So what?"

David probably had these words in his mind that day so long ago in the valley of Elah. The Philistines had come with their army to fight the children of Israel, and things were not going very well for the Israelites. The Philistines had brought a giant with them called Goliath. He was an enormous man, towering in height six cubits and a span

(almost eleven feet). He had a helmet of brass and was clad in a heavy coat of mail which weighed five thousand shekels (one hundred and fifty pounds). The spear he carried was like a weaver's beam, its head alone weighing six hundred shekels (eighteen pounds). In addition he had greaves of brass upon his legs and a gorget of brass between his shoulders. How would you like to meet a man like that?

Every day this giant would go out between the lines in no man's land and shout at the Israelites, mocking them, challenging any one man to come out to fight. No one went, of course, for it was terrifying just to look at him. As you may well guess, it was very humiliating for the Israelites and of course they were beside themselves with fear.

This went on for over a month, and then one day Jesse sent his youngest son David, a shepherd boy, with some food for his older brothers. David was quite young, a mere stripling of a boy, but he had a stout heart. When he heard the giant thundering away in the valley, he said, "I'll go out to fight him."

"Impossible," said some. "Nonsense," said others. But Saul the king said, "Well, if you must go, take my heavy coat of mail."

David put it on but it was so heavy he could not run in it, in fact could hardly walk, so he took it off. Armed with only his shepherd's staff, a sling, and a few smooth pebbles, he went out into no man's land. The giant had to look twice to see him, and when he spied him, shouted, "So-ho! who comes here? Do you think I'm a dog that you come to me with a staff? Well, come on, little one, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field!"

"So what?" David must have thought to himself, for he never stopped running toward the giant. As he ran he slipped a pebble into his sling and twirling it about his head, let fly. The pebble flew straight as a die—just as other pebbles had done when David had killed lions and bears—and struck the giant straight on the forehead. The giant toppled and fell,

whereupon David ran and stood over their mighty foe; immediately the Philistines fled.

It was as though David had said, "You are immense, Mr. Giant, and strong, and you have a huge coat of mail, so what? What difference does it make? I have the Lord God of hosts with me!"

So what? Let us try this bit of slang now and then when we are hard pressed. Here is a knotty problem to tackle. It has been coming out at us repeatedly, saying, "So-o! you can't solve me. You're too small; your mind isn't strong enough. I'll show you up before your family and your class!" Supposing you answer, "So what? I have courage and determination with me. You just wait till I gather up my pebbles of energy and knowledge!" Did you ever notice how problems are often solved by simply setting out with a will to conquer them?

Here is a handicap of some kind which has plagued you. Perhaps you are not so strong as other boys and girls or have some defect in speech or looks. So what? What a great place to use those words. "So what? What difference do these things make? I'll have the last word, Mr. Giant; you had better watch out for here I come with my sling!"

You will recall that Theodore Roosevelt, once President of the United States, was weak and almost frail as a boy. The immense giant Despair walked back and forth in no man's land, taunting and mocking him because of his poor health. But Roosevelt had a stout heart, as David had, and with words like "So what?" in his mind, he persevered, worked, rode and hunted in the out-of-doors, till one day a stone from his sling of determination laid the giant low.

The best of it is, we do not go alone. When we fight a handicap, the Lord God of health and well-being goes forth with us. With God no giant is strong enough to stand in the way.

So what?



Phillies Collect Tin Foil

For God loveth a cheerful giver. II Corinthians 9:7.

IT WAS some years ago when organized baseball was in its infancy that this happened. Farrar was first baseman for the Philadelphia Phillies in the National League. He was a fine player, even flashy at times, and best of all was genuinely admired by his teammates and the fans who coming to the park to boo him often remained to cheer. Farrar was a hard worker too, steady and dependable; nothing got by him around first base. He would throw himself at hard-hit balls which others would scarcely try to stop and more often than not save the game for his team.

One other point distinguished him. While playing he would be seen glancing now and then at the grandstand behind him where sat a little dark-skinned girl with pigtails. When Farrar made a hit or a fine stop, she would clap her hands and yell: "Atta boy, Daddy, you show 'em!" or "Get a hit, Daddy!" Day after day her childish voice shouting in glee or despair would be heard above the cheering of the stands. She never missed when she was well enough to attend, and soon was as much a part of the game as the umpire who stood just back of first base. It was very plain that her daddy was playing for his little girl.

Farrar's teammates soon came to know the little fan and had a great deal of fun joking about their loyal rooter who never gave up till the last man was out. There came a time, however, when their first baseman's game began to go into

a slump. He was not fielding so brilliantly and his batting fell off a number of points. One day the manager put his arm around Farrar's shoulder and asked if there was anything troubling him. Then the father told of his anxiety: how he wanted his young daughter to have an education and particularly singing lessons for he had discovered that she had an excellent voice. But alas! He had so little left after paying his expenses that his hopes of making a singer out of his daughter were dashed. (In those days baseball professionals received very little pay for their work.)

The manager spoke to the players and the players went into a happy huddle. What could they do to help? For several days they pondered this question. They could not give money outright to their teammate, for they had little themselves, and even if they had plenty, Farrar was very sensitive and might be hurt by their attempts to help. Finally, one of the players had an idea. Tin foil! There was always plenty of it around after a game; why not collect and sell it? It would not bring in much, but over an entire season they might make a tidy sum for their pal that way.

So it was decided. After a game no sooner were the spectators out of their seats than the Phillies were in the stands picking up empty cigarette packs and chewing-gum papers, anything which had a glint of silver. All season they did this, and what a good time they had! Farrar was so pleased, and the little rooter just back of first base yelled louder than ever for her team. The Phillies were far down the ladder in League standing but they were on the top rung in her enthusiastic heart.

The music lessons were given. Year after year the little girl practiced long hours, and one day she gave a recital—the Phillies were all there—which brought many offers from managers of high standing in the musical world. Later she was invited to join the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York City, the highest honor in the musical world.

Do you know who she is? None other than Geraldine Farrar. Because of her beautiful voice and superb acting, she was the idol of operagoers for many years.

How little did those Phillies know, when they were picking up tin foil, that they were training a voice which had in it a note of heavenly beauty.

It was not very much, what they had to give, but they gave gladly, and their gift was touched with a magic wand which changed it into something of priceless value.

So may we give. When we give all we have, it may not seem very much, but God will take care of that, for He touches our gifts of the heart with the wand of eternal beauty.



Thanksgiving Treasure Hunt

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.
Psalms' 103:2.

IT WAS the day before Thanksgiving and the entire Myers family was all agog with anticipation. There was no school on Wednesday afternoon and the question uppermost in the minds of Nola, Blanche, and Floyd was how they should spend the time. Someone suggested the movies. "Naw!" said Floyd. "Who wants to sit in a stuffy, dark place on an afternoon like this!"

Blanche said, "How would it be if we went roller skating?" There was no response to that suggestion.

Then Nola, the eldest, spoke: "Let's try a Thanksgiving treasure hunt!"

"Ho!" shouted Floyd. "What's that?"

"Well, I never thought of it before, but we might play it this way," answered Nola. "We will start out on a search for the one who gave us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"That would be simply wonderful!" cried Blanche clapping her hands.

"W-e-ll, I think we might try it," said Floyd without very much enthusiasm.

"All right," laughed Nola, "let's go! Where shall we start?"

"With Mother of course," cried Blanche.

They went to the kitchen and there was a grand, big turkey, lying on the table with two drumsticks pointing straight up. Mother was getting the dressing all ready, and what dressing she could make!

"Yum! Yum!" said Floyd. "I wish I had some of that dressing now with thousand-dollar gravy on it."

"Here's our treasure," said Nola excitedly. "We didn't have to go far to find it, and now, Mother, we want to thank you for this lovely dressing you are getting ready for us."

"Don't thank me," said their mother. "I appreciate your kindness, but I am not the one to thank. I just mix the bread up with a few other things and stuff it into the turkey. If you want to thank someone, go find the ones who delivered this bread."

An idea! Out of the house they ran and down the street as though they were going to a fire. Floyd was way ahead at the finish and he darted into the door of the grocery store almost knocking over a small cart laden with vegetables.

"Where is the delivery man?" he shouted.

The girls came up breathlessly and all three went into a back room where the truck was being loaded.

"We want to thank you," said Nola, "for the bread you delivered at our house. Mother is making the swellest stuffing out of it!"

"Don't thank us," said Ernie Hansberger, the owner, stand-

ing near by; "all we did was to bring it over to your house. Thank the baker who made the bread."

"All right, we will," said Nola, "but we think you were peachy to bring it. Happy Thanksgiving!"

"Happy Thanksgiving!" echoed the others as they ran out of the store.

Down the street two blocks stood the bakery. They caught the pungent odor of it while still a half block away which made them run all the harder. In a back room they found the little baker at the oven door, just taking out a dozen or more piping hot, Thanksgiving loaves.

"Gee, they look swell!" said Floyd.

"Mr. Thomas," said Nola, "we're out on a Thanksgiving treasure hunt, and we've been told to come to you. We want to thank you for giving us such delicious bread."

"Aw, go 'long now," he answered shyly. "I didn't have much to do with it. If you really want to find the right person to thank, you ought to look up the miller who ground the wheat. He did most of the work."

Their faces fell. The miller! There was none in their town. The game seemed to be over for that day, they thought.

"Anyway, thank you for your part," said Nola as they walked slowly out and up the street.

Just then they saw a car coming toward them. Their daddy! Hoorah! He pulled up at the side of the street and all jumped in.

"Daddy!" cried Blanche, "we're on a treasure hunt and we have to see the miller. We just have to! You know, the miller at Havensport just after you cross the canal. That's the one! We want to go there; will you take us?"

Their father had just finished his work and as a matter of fact was out looking for his family; so he drove the six miles with the children chattering gaily all the way. Jumping from the car, they burst into the mill, and there, all covered with

dust, looking like a kind of Jack Frost, stood the miller, Noah Goodwin.

"Hello!" he called, above the clatter of the machinery, "what do you want in here? You're the Myers children, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Nola, "and we've come treasure hunting."

"Eh? Whats that?" he shouted, "Come a little closer; I can hardly hear you."

"Oh, just a little game we're playing. We want to thank you for the bread Mother is putting into our stuffing." Nola was fairly screaming.

"Bread?" he said, "Oh! You've come to the wrong place. All I do is grind the wheat. You should go to old Pete Ety out here on a farm by the Change Bridge; he raises the wheat."

"Do you really think he is the one?" asked Blanche. "We've surely had a hard time finding him."

Out they went quickly and piled into the car. "Daddy, will you take us to Mr. Ety's farm? We want to see him."

They found Pete Ety hauling in fodder for his horses and cows.

"Thank me?" He spoke slowly and had a bewildered look on his face. "All I did was to sow the seed just before Fair time last October. I never teched it after that. It just grew all by itself."

"All the same," said Nola, "we thank you for your part in our Thanksgiving dinner."

Mr. Myers drove home slowly, listening carefully the while to everything they said. The children were disappointed for they had failed to find the treasure. Who was giving them their dinner? They were quite puzzled now.

Floyd particularly was in a deep study. "Where did the wheat come from?" he asked suddenly. "And what made it grow?"

"There! We have it!" said Nola. "Where did the wheat come from? From God, you dummy! God made everything. God gave us the wheat, and the ground for it to grow in . . ."

"And the sunshine?" Blanche added.

"And the rain." That was Floyd.

"Yes," said Daddy, "you're right. Our Thanksgiving dinners come from God. We should thank Him with all our hearts."

"Let's," shouted Nola. They were nearing their church. "Let's go in and thank Him!"



The Horseshoe Nail

For who hath despised the day of small things? Zechariah 4:10.

ONE evening I was fishing a mile or more from camp. The casting reel was not working quite so smoothly as usual but I did not stop to examine it. Suddenly something dropped into the water and my fishing was over for that evening. A very small screw, so tiny I could scarcely find where it had been placed, had worked loose and fallen out; immediately the delicately made reel was useless. It was a very small object but it had an important part to play.

Then I realized what the old Mother Goose verse means:

For want of a nail
The shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe
The horse was lost;
For want of a horse
The rider was lost;
For want of a rider
The battle was lost;
And all for the want
Of a horseshoe nail.

A young boy going downtown used to stop and watch a blacksmith at work. He enjoyed watching the sparks fly from the forge when the smithy pumped the bellows, and he liked to see the red-hot iron hammered into shape on the anvil. One thing he noticed particularly: the old blacksmith never seemed to be satisfied. He hammered and beat, then heated and hammered again on the same link of an enormous chain which he was making. Again and again, when it seemed to the boy that the link was perfect, the smithy would thrust it back into the fire, heat till red-hot, and begin all over again.

"Why do you do that so often; don't you ever get tired of it?" asked the boy.

"Of course I get tired, but I want this link to be welded correctly. If I don't do it perfectly, I may be taking someone's life," the blacksmith replied.

Of course the boy did not understand, but the old smithy knew that some day there might be a storm at sea and then all his careful toil would not be for nothing.

After many months the chain was completed, and the captain of a sailing vessel came to claim it. Loading the enormous chain on the vessel, he sailed away to a distant port. Some months after, they were nearing home when a tempest swept down upon them. The vessel was being rapidly driven toward dangerous rocks; the crew could hear the breakers roar, and knew that the ship might soon be dashed to pieces. There was only one thing to do: throw out the anchors. One was thrown overboard but no sooner had it caught on a rock than a link parted and the vessel leaped ahead into the terrible darkness. Another anchor was thrown out with the same result.

Finally the captain shouted: "Throw out the last one! If this one breaks, we are lost!" They threw it. A few moments of awful suspense followed; then it caught for an instant, dragged free, and caught again. This time it held; the sturdy, strong chain did not part.

Why? Because an old blacksmith way back there in that

shop knew the value of little things. That last small detail of perfection in welding the links did not seem important to the boy, but it was tremendously vital to the captain and his ship.

There are times when it does not seem necessary to boys and girls to be careful about details. "It isn't just right but I'll let it go. Just once won't matter," they say. But once does matter. The lack of a horseshoe nail lost a battle; the loss of a tiny screw ruined a reel; and just one weak link would have meant a wrecked ship.

If ever you are tempted to scorn small things, remember that life depends more upon the small than upon the large. A weak link in your character may allow your life to be thrown upon the rocks of failure.

Despise not the day of small things.



Seesaw

But whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the market-places, who call unto their fellows, and say, We piped unto you, and ye did not dance: we wailed, and ye did not mourn. Matthew 11:16-17.

WE CAN see those children playing there. One group wanted to have an orchestra and a dance. Some were to play their pipes for the music and the others were to do the dancing. But alack, when some began piping, the others wouldn't dance, so that game was spoiled. Then they tried something else. They tried having a sad procession; but when they began to wail, the

others would not weep, but probably laughed instead. So that game was ruined. I can imagine them going home after a time mad and sulking because neither side would play what the other side wanted to play.

Did you ever see that done? I have. One boy wants to play ball and the other wants to have cops and robbers. As a result they have a quarrel and the one boy angrily takes his ball and goes home. They have really played cops and robbers for they have robbed each other of a morning's play together.

All of you have tried seesaw. You have a plank across a tree trunk or a stump. One sits on one end and one on the other. You get started going up and down. "I see," you shout, as your partner goes up, "I saw," as he goes down. It takes two to play this game, and two who trust each other. One day a boy came running home quite mad. "I'll never play with that boy again. When I was at the top, he slid off and I fell to the ground. He promised not to do it, but no sooner had we started than he slid off again. That was too much for me and I came home."

You could not blame him too much, could you? If you cannot trust each other, you cannot have any game. A game has rules which must be followed; when one or the other breaks those rules or refuses to play his part, the game is off.

A long time ago when I attended a little red-brick school-house set down in the midst of a large woods in Ohio, during the noontime intermission we used to play "hare and hounds." Two or three of us would take a great many pieces of white paper and scatter them as we ran through the woods or across the fields; we were the "hare." After a few minutes the "hounds" would start baying after us. We did this several times, but one day after we hares had run a mile or so, carefully scattering pieces of paper, we hid in the bushes to see what would happen. Nothing did. We waited there for more than half an hour, and finally quite put out we went back to

the schoolyard, to find that the "hounds" had not followed us at all, but had started to play another game. They were so taken with this game that they paid no attention to us when we returned.

Can you imagine how we felt? We had piped, but they would not dance. We had tried to play seesaw but they had let us down hard. As a result we would not play that game with them again and it was a long time before we would play at all.

Life, we are told, is a kind of game. We may have much fun playing it, each day, at home, school, work, or at church, if—we will play our part, and if others will play theirs. We must be able to trust each other not to slide off the plank when one is in the air. We must trust each other to be honest. Trustworthy is a wonderful word, is it not? Worthy of being trusted—is there anything better and finer than that to have said of us?

There are times when the lessons seem to be too hard, the beds too many to make, or the chores about the house too difficult. You would rather run off and play your own game, or do what you want to do. When you feel that way, will you remember seesaw, and know that you cannot let others down without losing the game for yourself?



Truth Will Out

For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known. Matthew 10:26.

A GIANT tree stands for years on the top of a hill. It seems to have all the strength of its years and size. But one day a storm descends; it falls, and great is the fall thereof. Why? Because way down inside some insects were eating at its heart. Day after day, year after year they worked their way into the center, and one day when the tree was seemingly at its full strength, the crash came. The weakness within was finally revealed.

One summer an amusing incident took place at Lake Kezar in Maine. A man unaccustomed to the ways of fish and frogs was visiting a confirmed and expert fisherman. They decided to go fishing one day, but first it was necessary to catch some frogs for bait.

Landing at a marshy stretch of shore, the two men started off in opposite directions to catch these elusive little tidbits for small-mouth black bass. The visitor crept up cautiously behind several small frogs and lunged at them with his hand. Each time when he took up his hand, he found in it only some mud and bits of grass. No frog. Looking around at his host, he saw him putting frog after frog into his fishing coat. He was chagrined and embarrassed, for he disliked to return to the boat without having caught at least one.

Imagine his happy surprise, however, on rounding a bend of the shore to come upon a boy with a small frog in his hand.

“Hey, mister, do you want to buy a frog?” asked the boy.

That was his opportunity; the man gave the boy a coin and deposited the treasure in his coat. It was time then to return to the boat.

"Did you get any?" queried his host.

"Yeah, one," he replied. He did not tell him he had bought it.

"That's all right," said the fisherman, "I have plenty for today."

Climbing into the boat, they pushed off from the shore. Just then the boy came running up. "Hey, mister," he shouted, "do you want to buy another frog?"

"For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." How true that is! Not so quickly as the purchase of the frog was discovered but eventually deception comes to the surface.

A boy may cheat in his schoolwork, dawdle his time away through the years when he should be developing his mind, but some day, long after, the dishonesty will appear. His tree will crash to the earth, and he will find that he was cheating no one but himself.

On the other hand goodness and purity of thought and deed may not show on the surface of a boy's or a girl's life at once, but give them time. Some day they will bear fruit to bless not only the hearts of the possessors but also the lives of many people.

Be sure of this: your goodness, truth, and beauty of character will be discovered for there is nothing hid that shall not be known.



The City of Caring Hearts

For he careth for you. I Peter 5:7.

IT WAS Saturday afternoon and all the streets were crowded with shoppers. John had been looking forward for quite a while to going downtown with his daddy, and this was the day. His face was wreathed with smiles for it was seldom he could get his father all to himself.

As they were passing a busy corner, John was petrified by a terrific noise, a sound as of breaking glass, then silence. When he awoke, he found himself on a cot in what seemed to be the back of a store. It was a bit damp and there was much dirt about. His father leaned over him looking anxiously into his face. When he saw that John seemed to be coming around again, he said: "We were struck by an automobile and you were hurt, John. There were no stop signs at that corner and a car came straight into the side of ours."

"Oh!" said John weakly. After a time he said, "Why? . . . Why no stop signs at such a corner?"

"I am not sure," replied his father, "but when I asked several out on the street, they shrugged their shoulders and walked away. No one seemed to know or to care."

"But why am I here, Daddy, why didn't you take me to a hospital if I'm hurt?"

"Well, I'll tell you, son, if you must know: there isn't any hospital. I asked about that too, and someone said, 'We should have one, but no one cares enough I guess.'"

"But couldn't I have a nurse, Daddy? We have visiting nurses at home."

"Now just keep quiet, son, don't get disturbed," said his father stroking his hand gently. "There are no visiting nurses in this strange city; a man told me that no one cares whether or not they have them."

"That's funny," said John.

"Almost," said his father.

After a few weeks John was able to be moved; then his father rented a room in a house on a lovely street. When he was well enough, John limped along the sidewalk with the help of crutches but none of the boys on the street came near him. In fact they appeared to avoid him, and several times he heard them call under their breath, "Tiny Tim."

"What's the matter with the boys on this street?" John asked his father.

"I don't know, son; it's very strange, isn't it? No one seems to care for anyone else in this city. There are no neighbors. Just today I was talking to a man about neighbors. He said, 'I don't need neighbors; I don't know even the folks next to us in our apartment house though from my door I could put my hand out and touch their door. We live pretty much to ourselves and like it.'"

"That doesn't seem right to me," said John, and tears came into his eyes as he thought of the boys on his street and his own loneliness.

When he was well enough, John and his father walked about the city. There were plenty of stores and some schools, but no boys' club or girls' club, no Scouts, no homes for elderly people, no churches. On returning to their room, John said, "Dad, let's get home as soon as we can. Let's get back where someone cares."

At that he started up, to hear a voice: "Time to go to bed, John!" And then he remembered what had happened. After dinner, he had fallen asleep on the sofa in his comfortable

home, in his own city, and all the time had been dreaming of a city that doesn't care.

"Well, I'm sure glad that dream wasn't true!" said John. "Who would want to live in a city like that?"

The next evening there was a knock at the door, and John's father went to open it. The caller was a pleasant gentleman who told them about their city, its Scouts, its clubs for boys and girls who otherwise might be roaming the streets, its visiting nurses, and homes for elderly people.

John's eyes were all aglow as the man talked for he remembered his dream. The man was telling them about their own city. He said it was a fine city, for it cared what happened to others. Every year the people made pledges and paid money into a great Community Chest. Out of that Chest which the people filled, money was taken throughout the year to help boys and girls, to help people who had not had a fair chance in life, to feed undernourished families, to help aged people, to make possible visiting nurses and other forms of caring—fourteen organizations in all.

"Isn't that wonderful," said John to his father, "to do all that for others! What an awful dream that was! I am so glad I live in a city where people care. Don't leave till I come!" he shouted as he rushed from the room.

Out of breath he hurried back. "Here," he said to the man, "here's ten cents. I want to give something to the Chest. If that isn't enough, will you let me know? I'll try to give some more later."

When his father had made a pledge and the man had gone, John turned a complete somersault on the floor, and said, "Dad, I have a new name for our town—The City of Caring Hearts."

Do you like that name? How much do you care?



Trimming The Tree

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Luke 2:14.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, the happiest time of all the year, you will be trimming your tree. First your dad nails on the standard; then, with great shouting and laughter on the part of the entire family, he proudly stands the tree up in the corner by the fireplace. After that boxes which you haven't seen since last Christmas are brought up from the cellar or down from the attic. You brush off the dust then begin poking around looking for your favorite Santa Claus. What fun! To string the lights, wind the tinsel, then hook on the colored balls, getting too many in one place, breaking some, and strewing Mother's clean floor with strings, glass, icicles, and cotton snow, but what difference? It is Christmas Eve and the season to be merry.

Finally everything is on the tree: the fluttering angel with real hair and a halo of gold, the star with its shining light at the very tip, and the twinkling red, green, and blue balls, making it the loveliest tree in all the world. Of course it is the loveliest for it is yours. There is not another just like it anywhere.

Now all is ready for the gifts. Over there in the corner are some interesting-looking packages which in your excitement you probably haven't noticed. Let's see what they are.

Here is a beautiful package marked "O-T-H-E-R-S." We will hang it just under the angel for that is what Christmas means—thinking of others.

Some years ago when General Booth of the Salvation Army was asked at Christmas time to cable one word to his workers around the world, what do you think he sent? "Others." What a wonderful word it is, one of the greatest you will ever have in your life; for when you hang this package on your Christmas tree, you will begin to forget yourself and be like Christ.

There is no room on a Christmas tree for selfishness. One morning, long before the family was up, a father heard his little girl singing:

Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday, dear Susan,
Happy birthday to me.

That's the way it is with too many boys and girls; it is "Merry Christmas to me." Their thought is mostly about what they are going to receive. But that is to miss entirely the meaning of Christmas; for Christ was born on Christmas Day, as a gift of God to everyone, and when we really receive the Christ Child, we cannot be selfish but will be wanting to give to others.

There are so many "others" who need us: that girl or boy you see walking home from school alone, the elderly woman on your street who cannot read and needs your eyes and voice, that family whose father is ill and out of work. Thoughts and kind deeds for them all are wrapped up in this precious package under the star.

Let's take this one next. How is it marked? "L-O-V-E." It is wrapped beautifully with a paper of "understanding," and tied with a cord of "appreciation." What do you suppose that means? I think it means that love understands and appreciates. Whom? Just now, maybe Japanese boys and girls. If with love in your heart you try to understand and appreciate them, there can be no hate. Is that not what Christ would have us do, especially at Christmas, love our enemies?

One summer I heard a boy of eight years say: "I wish I were older so that I could take a crack at the Japs." I found that he seemed to hate them all. They were all alike to him, all snakes, all savages. But you and I know that Japanese, Germans, Italians are not all alike. They are different, as different as you and I. Some are good, some are bad, but all are children of God, and when we hate them, we are not being like Christ who came on Christmas Day to show us the love of God. So, let's fasten this package of love high up and keep it high in our lives forever.

One more package, the loveliest of all. It is marked "P-E-A-C-E," and tied with a cord of "good will." We will give it a very prominent place, for unless boys and girls have peace and good will in their own hearts, how will peace ever come to this war-wearied world?

Now that your tree is complete with these packages, I am sure there will be joy in your hearts. You will echo the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men," and will shout in your happiness, "Merry Christmas to all the world!"



He Dropped The Ball!

And they all with one consent began to make excuse. Luke 14:18.

Did you listen to the fourth game of the World Series, a few years ago, between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Yankees? Then you must have had an exciting time, for the ninth inning

made baseball history. This is how it was: the score was 4 to 3 in favor of the Dodgers, when the Yankees came to bat. It was the Yankees' last chance to tie the score or win; if they did not do it, the Dodgers would even up the series at two games each.

Casey was pitching for Brooklyn, having relieved Higbe. Sturm, the first Yankee batter, grounded to Cascarart, who threw him out at first. Then Rolfe hit one to Casey who tossed the ball to Camilli for the second out. Henrich came to bat with two out. "One strike!" called the umpire. "Two strikes! Three strikes!" On the last strike Henrich swung and missed, and the game was over—the Dodgers had w——, no, wait a moment! Something had happened! Combs, coaching at first base, was almost standing on his head trying to get Henrich's attention. He was shouting "Run! Run!" Henrich did run and reached first base safely.

What had happened? Owen, the Dodger catcher, had dropped the ball on the third strike, the ball rolling away from him, almost to the dugout. Frantically he ran after it, but it was too late; Henrich was on first. The game which had appeared to be won was not won at all. Think of this: Casey had fanned the batter for the third out and still the Yankees were not stopped. How would one go about getting these Yankees out? he must have thought. The great DiMaggio came to bat and lined a single; then Kelley hit the ball against the right-field screen for two bases, and the two men scored. Dickey walked, and Gordon drove him in with a ringing blow. Final score, Yankees 7, Dodgers 4, in a game which really should have ended 4-3 in favor of the Dodgers. Can you imagine anything more heartbreaking than that for a losing ball team? I can't.

After the game a reporter tells us that someone said, "Go into the Dodger locker room and get a good story." The reporters went, but what a story! They found Mickey Owen almost in tears of course, but they found something else.

Patterson writes, "Owen did have a story, 'a good one.' They came to interview the 'goat of the series' and many of them left with the feeling that the battered catcher was a hero—heroic in the courage he showed by taking all the blame for the latest misfortunes of his teammates."

What did Owen say? "I should have caught the ball. I catch nine out of ten just like it. No, I wouldn't say it was in the dirt. It was a sharp curve, inside and low, and I just didn't get it. It hit the side of my glove and got away from me."

There is something heroic about taking all the blame, is there not? There are so many excuses he might have made. "The police swarmed on the field and I couldn't find the ball among them," or "It was a terrific break, such a sharp curve that it was an impossible ball to catch," or "It went into the dirt and took a bad hop," or something else. But Owen scorned such alibis; he had made a mistake; he should have held the ball; it was all his fault; that was all there was to it.

There is quite a lesson in this for you and me, I think, for we do not always act like that. Is it true or not that when we make an error, first of all we try to find someone to blame it on? If we make a mistake in school, it was the teacher's fault, or we didn't have time, or something. If we drop a ball, someone ran into us, or it took a bad bounce, or the glove wasn't right. The last thought we have is that we ourselves are to blame. Usually we hunt around for someone to be the goat for us, and that tends to make us smaller than we are.

The big thing to do, when we make a mistake, is to stand up and say, "It was all my fault; I dropped the ball; I did not work hard enough on my music; I loafed at school; that is why I failed." When we take the blame in that way, stand up and face the music, as we sometimes say, we are somehow made strong and the small slinks away.

Let us try it the next time we make an error.



Till The Well Runs Dry

*My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh
longeth for thee
In a dry and weary land, where
no water is.*

Psalms 63:1.

HAVE you ever been so thirsty that you said you were dying for a drink of water? No doubt you said that, but you were in no danger of dying, for usually you and I are within reach of water, in fact have so much that we do not half appreciate it. We throw water out; waste it carelessly; use more than we need in kitchen and bathtub, and of course take it for granted that we will always have it.

But there are places on this earth where there is very little water. There people do die for want of it. Just recently we read the story of our soldiers over in the South Pacific islands. When their water ran out, they had to chew the leaves of certain plants which gave them a few drops, just enough to keep them alive. The cry of soldiers lying wounded on the field of battle is usually, "Water! water!"

Exupéry in his book *Wind, Sand and Stars* gives us a gruesome account of men in the desert staggering along after days of being without water, watching the skies for signs of rain but seeing no cloud appear, only a hot, biting sun beating steadily overhead. A native of such a desert was taken to a place where a stream was dropping over a cliff in a beautiful, cool waterfall. He would not leave for several hours but

stayed, gazing, drinking, kneeling. It was a waste to him, a shameful waste when there were so many thirsty folk in the world; he felt that only God could be so extravagant.

Eddie Rickenbacker and his pals drifting in the small rubber rafts in southern waters knew what it means to have their throats and mouths parched and dry as the desert. When a rain finally came, they opened their mouths to let the cooling drops fall in, and wrung out their clothes afterward to save every last bit. Then Captain Rickenbacker collected the water and put it into a bag which he guarded, giving out a thimbleful now and then to the one who was truly dying for a drink.

H. V. Morton, in *In the Steps of the Master*, tells of traveling from Judea to Galilee. It was like going from one planet to another, for Judea is so dry that every drop of rain the natives can catch is kept in cisterns. It was this country that the Psalmist meant when he wrote, "In a dry and weary land where no water is." In Galilee it is different and the author says that the sound of running water actually seems luxurious and extravagant. He felt that iris growing in moist places was somewhat of a spendthrift.

Yes, you and I ought to be thankful that we have water, but are we? Do we kneel each day to thank God for water? No, I am afraid we do not. Scarcely do we give it a thought, but take it for granted as we do so many precious things.

Perhaps if we did not have so much water for a time, it might do us good. My mother used to say, "We never miss the water till the well runs dry." Certainly we never missed meat and butter till the icebox ran dry. Do we have to be deprived of good things before we appreciate them? Must we lose our homes, parents, and those we love before we really love them as we should? You would say "no" to this question, but I am inclined to think that you and I are very careless about appreciating, while we have them, these things which make our lives rich and happy.

Take this matter of freedom. Is it not a fact that we have

taken for granted the freedom we have here in America? We are willing to pay a tremendous price in men and wealth when we feel there is some danger of losing liberty; should we not fall on our knees, then, to thank God that we still have it, and tell Him that we intend to show our gratitude by using it aright? How shall we do that? We shall do it as people in dry countries show their appreciation for water: they give a cup of cold water to thirsty travelers whenever they can. May we not show our gratitude by giving freedom to those in our own country, to men of all colors and religions, who have not yet had a chance to enjoy it to the full?

Let us be thankful for water, yes, for all the blessings which gladden life.



Start Where You Are!

But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves, and two fishes. He said, Bring them hither to me. Matthew 14:16-18.

THERE was a great multitude of people gathered about Jesus and it was time to eat. What could they do about it? There were only five small loaves and two little fish. All right, said Jesus, let's see them; bring them to me.

In other words, Jesus said, start where you are with what you have, and we will see what will happen.

A few years ago there died one of the greatest men this country has ever produced. I have just given you a part of his

famous formula for getting things done. "Start where you are, with what you have, make something of it, never be satisfied."

These weren't just words to George Washington Carver; he meant every syllable of them, for he had done that very thing himself, started where he was.

Where did he start? In the year 1864 in Missouri he was born, but he never knew his father or mother. A planter, Moses Carver, gave him a home and a name and, because the little boy's health was poor, let him help with the cooking, serving, and washing around the house rather than the heavier tasks in the field.

The only book he could get his hands on was *Webster's Speller* but he started with that. He began right where he was with what he had, and memorized the entire book.

The Carvers were not well off themselves, so George Washington decided he would start out for himself. He did not have anything excepting a desire and a mind, so he slept in barns and haylofts at night and found a little work to do now and then by day, and studied hard at a small one-room schoolhouse. He helped with "white folks' washing" and paid his way through high school.

After that he wanted to go to college but the University of Iowa would not take him, so he applied at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa, and was accepted. By dint of washing, scrubbing, and housecleaning, he completed three years of school, and then went on to Iowa State College. When he graduated he was known as such a genius with plants and soils that the college asked him to stay and teach.

Just then Booker T. Washington wanted a man at Tuskegee Institute in the South to help the farmers win a living from the soil. George Washington Carver was just the young man he wanted.

But when Carver arrived there, he had nothing to work with. There was no equipment of any kind. What should he

do? Well, he did what he had done before: started where he was with what he had. In a museum there are still the rough tools he used in his first laboratory: an old barn lantern, a heavy kitchen cup, a flat piece of iron, glass vials made from the tops of old bottles, an alcohol lamp made from an ink bottle.

He took the clay on which they had been walking and from it extracted the colors for paint. For the base of the paint he took used motor oil. Now the farmers could paint their fences and buildings at little cost.

He saw some peanuts. Why not start with them? He did, and found so much in the peanut that today three hundred useful articles are made from peanuts, and the crop has grown from seven hundred million pounds in 1921 to fourteen hundred million pounds in 1941.

The soil around Tuskegee Institute was poor and thin; it would not yield anything. What could he do about that? He always found something to do. This time he had the boys of the college go over to a near-by swamp with baskets and pails and bring back muck and leafmold. With that soil he proved that the South could produce not one sweet-potato crop a year but two. Then also from this soil he produced Alabama's first bale-to-the-acre cotton crop.

There did not seem to be anything he could not do by starting where he was with what he had. He made insulating boards out of corn, cotton, and sorghum; paper from branches of wistaria and sunflowers; table mats from swamp cattails; table runners from feed bags; chicory coffee from chicory (which some like better than coffee); pies from sour grass; "asparagus tips" from stalks of silkweed; salads from wild clover; and grass salad from some of the one hundred grasses he found could be used for food.

At that time the South was growing cotton and hardly anything else. George Washington Carver taught the people the value of sweet potatoes and peanuts, and this year the

peanut crop alone will amount to \$200,000,000. The poor farmers grew hardly any vegetables and had no pigs, chickens, or cows. Today there is scarcely a farmer but has vegetables, pigs, chickens, and at least one cow. Many of the diseases, such as pellagra, which have plagued them for years have disappeared.

It just seems as though we could go on and on with this wonderful story, but we shall not do so. What I want you to remember is this: Dr. George Washington Carver never gave up. He started from where he was with what he had, made something of it, never was satisfied. The *New York Times* says, "No other man has done as much for agriculture in the South." Thomas Edison asked him to work with him at \$50,000 a year. Henry Ford gave him a laboratory in order that he might carry on his experiments during this war.

Now do you see why I called him one of our greatest men? You may be interested to know, if you do not know by this time, that George Washington Carver was a Negro, his father and mother slaves.

But if you forget that, remember what can be done by you and me when we start right where we are with what we have.



Idle Gossip Sinks Ships

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. James 1:26.

IF ANY boys and girls among you seem to be religious, and at the same time say gossipy and untrue things about others, they are simply deceiving themselves for they are not religious at all. Their religion is of no account, worthless.

That's telling them, isn't it? James didn't care much how he said things. No feelings were spared when he wrote. He told these people to their faces that if they were gossips, they did not have religion.

What is a gossip? When we gossip, we tell things which should not be told, or things which are only partly true. Gossip: "Groundless rumor," says the dictionary, "tattle; half-confidential, ill-founded remarks about or criticism of others; tale-bearing; to tell idle or mischievous tales especially about others; prattle; prate; chat."

This definition would seem to suggest that there is a kind of gossip that is all right. We love to talk, all of us; talk is an important part of our life. We are interested in other boys and girls and naturally we talk about them. We chat, prattle about what Mary said, or John did or did not do. "My dear, did you hear what Tom said to his teacher?" "What a boner Ruth pulled in class this morning!" There is nothing wrong with this kind of talk, in fact it makes life interesting.

But the word "gossip" is not ordinarily used in this sense. When we say "gossip," we mean two things: first, something is told which should not have been told.

During the war I received a letter from one of our soldier boys, and printed in large letters across the envelope were these words: **IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS**. At once a picture arose in my mind of a poster in which a ship tilted almost on end is half sunk, and struggling in the water is a sailor with his hand pointed upward. He is saying, "Somebody talked."

Somebody talked! Someone told a story he should not have told. He gossiped about the cargo of a vessel; chatted about when it was to sail. Someone overheard and he or she reported the news to the enemy, so that when the vessel and its precious freight arrived at a certain point in the ocean, a submarine and a torpedo were waiting.

Somebody talked! Yes, there are some things that are true which should not be told. Only a gossip goes around telling everything he knows. Many thoughts one had better keep to himself. There are events in the home which boys and girls, if they are wise, do not tell even to their best friends; they belong to the home and should be kept there.

The second meaning of gossip is this: passing along a tale about someone which is not true or only partly true. This is the worst form of gossip; it is mischievous and might be dangerous. We may not mean to do it but when we attempt to repeat what we have heard about someone, the story gets changed a bit. Here is a possible change:

One person says, "It would be strange if Jack should go down to New York and get on the wrong subway and travel way over to Brooklyn instead of going to Columbia University. He might get lost over there and take the entire day to get back."

The one overhearing this tries to tell it: "Did you hear that Jack went to New York, took the wrong subway and landed

way out, goodness knows where, in Brooklyn? He probably got lost, and took most of the day in getting back."

A third one hears and tells it thus: "My dear, do you know—I heard it from someone who knows all about it—that Jack was a little under the weather last week, and took the wrong subway landing way over in Brooklyn. And believe it or not, it took him the entire day to get back."

Idle gossip sinks ships. Idle gossip like this sinks reputations also. Reputation is what folks think we are; character is what we really are. We cannot sink character by gossip but we can take away a person's good name by careless talk. A poet says that if you take away a boy's or girl's purse, it is not so bad, for he or she can get another purse, but if you steal his or her good name, you take something which will not make you richer and will leave the other person poor indeed.

Idle gossip sinks friendship too. You cannot keep a friend very long if you allow yourself to tell tales which are not true.

Here then is a good rule to follow: be sure that you have the truth before you pass on a tale about anyone.

Recently word came to me that I had made a certain remark. Now I knew that I had never made that remark, but the person who confronted me with it was convinced that I had. I said to him, "I can tell you, do you want to know what I said?" He answered, "I know what you said," and repeated again the misstatement. "But," I said, "do you think there is someone who knows better than I what I said? Shouldn't I know best?" It ended by his still believing what he wanted to believe, rather than by his getting the truth which I was ready to give. What can we do with a person like that?

Perhaps nothing, but we can resolve that we will not be like him. When we hear a tale about someone, we will go to the person and find out what really happened. Above all, let us be anxious to get the facts, the truth of the situation.

Then there is a further step we may take. When we hear

a boy or girl saying something unkind about another, we will say: "Where did you learn this? Have you asked Bertha or Albert whether this is true? I think we should be careful about spreading this story, till we know more about it."

Idle gossip sinks ships. Idle gossip sinks good names. Idle gossip sinks friendships. Idle gossip sinks religion. For you may seem to be religious, but if you have a loose, mean tongue, you deceive yourself; your religion is of no account.



Abraham Lincoln---Great Heart

And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted. . . Ephesians 4:32.

WHEN Paul wrote this letter to the Church at Ephesus he was thinking of what it means to be a Christian. To be like Christ, he says, is to be kind, tenderhearted.

I have called Abraham Lincoln Great Heart, because he had such a large, warm heart. He was kind; he was tenderhearted; he was like Christ.

His heart seems to get larger as time goes on. That is the strange fact of the years; they take away the small from a man's life, so that we may see the large. The small grows smaller, the large larger. What we like to dwell on in Abraham Lincoln's life is not so much the Emancipation Proclamation in which he freed the colored people, but rather the proclamation of kindness in his great heart.

Carl Sandburg in one of his books about Lincoln tells us

what happened when Abe was a young man. He was working in a store at the time. Going to work one morning he saw Ab Trent, a boy, chopping at the logs of an old stable which recently had been pulled down. Ab did not have shoes for he was too poor to buy them; instead he had wrapped some old rags around his feet. Abe talked to him to find that he was trying to earn a dollar to buy some shoes. He told him to run along to the store and warm his feet. It wasn't long until Abe walked in and, handing the ax to the boy, said that he should collect the dollar and buy his shoes, for the wood was all chopped.

In those days if you lived on land given by the United States, it was necessary for you to go to a government office and register your claim. The clerk would write down a description of the farm or land on which you lived and your name would be signed to it. This was in the days when there was plenty of land to be had for the asking.

Sometimes, however, several men would want the same piece of land—who would get it? The man who got to the government office first and registered his title.

Dr. Charles Chandler, who lived near Lincoln, had been so busy taking care of the sick in the neighborhood and trying to farm his land that he had neglected to register his claim. One day he heard that a man named English was buying up the land for a wealthy man from Philadelphia and was about to register the doctor's two eighty-acre tracts. Thereupon Chandler leaped to his horse and started galloping toward Springfield. Twelve miles from the town in the early morning his horse was completely played out, so much so that he had to dismount and lead it slowly along the road.

Just then Abe Lincoln came along, listened to a few words from Chandler, then jumped from his fresh horse, shortened the stirrups, changed saddles, and cried: "There, Doctor, mount my horse, and leave me yours, and don't let any grass grow under his feet on the way. Leave him at Herndon's

stables, where I will have yours sometime today and we'll swap back. I want you to get your pill-bags and the specie into the land office ahead of that shark. No thanks—just go!" Chandler arrived in time and the land was saved.

As we read Lincoln's life, we get the impression, as it was said of Jesus, that he "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed . . . for God was with him." He knew how to heal hearts with kindness. He was so tender-hearted that he could understand why young boys would desert the Union Army at the front. When boys left the Army and started home or simply ran away, it was called desertion and was punishable by death. Abraham Lincoln felt that in almost every case there was a good reason for a boy's leaving the army without permission, and so he studied each case carefully to find if possible some way to prevent the boy from being shot as a deserter.

One day in 1863, Senator Wilkinson of Minnesota entered the President's office to find Lincoln examining a large pile of papers. He told the Senator that the papers had to do with a young soldier who had attempted to get home but had been captured, tried, and sentenced to death.

"I have just read three pages," he said, "and I have found this: 'The boy said when first arrested that he was going home to see his mother.' I don't think I can allow a boy to be shot who tried to go home to see his mother. I guess I don't want to read any more of this."

He saved a young boy from death who, after a hard day's work, had gone to sleep on picket duty. The President said that the lad would be worth more to his country alive than dead. And he *was* worth more; he never forgot that kindness, and when a year or so afterward the young man was found dead on the battlefield, it was discovered that next to his heart was a picture of Abraham Lincoln, his great understanding friend.

Do you see now why I call him Great Heart?

Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted. . . .



Like A Tree

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water.
Psalms 1:3.

JOYCE KILMER, the poet, wrote that he never expected to see a poem lovely as a tree. Indeed, few things on this earth are more beautiful. Have you ever stood under a tree and looked up through its branches when a light wind is blowing? Thousands of leaves twisting and turning make one think of tiny waves on a lake when it is rippled by a soft breeze. If it is a poplar, you see a lake of silver sheen; if a pine, you hear a sound as of a great swarm of bees. Think of the number of twigs and leaves on a single tree, and then remember that every leaf is slightly different from every other. No wonder primitive folk thought of trees as the abode of gods. Sometimes in the stillness of the night a large limb falls to the ground with a crashing thud. To these early folk it was a god threatening vengeance or trying to speak to them.

Indeed, it is natural when looking at a tree to think of God. An old woodsman of the north country went into the forest one day to cut trees. Standing at the foot of a great tree, he was about to start chopping when he looked up, took off his cap, and crossed himself.

"Why did you do that?" asked his companions.

"God made this tree; God is in it," he replied.

Yes, God is in it. Truly, as the poet says, men may make poems, the best of which are imperfect, but only God can make a tree. If anyone doubts this, let him try some day to

make one. It would be a good experiment for boys and girls; try to construct a tree with roots, trunk, branches, twigs, and leaves. I should like to see it. No doubt, if you are clever, you could do well enough so that it might be placed in a museum, but your tree would not grow in a front yard. Only God is wise enough to make a tree that will grow and bear leaves and fruit.

Only God can make a man to be like a tree, says the Psalmist. "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord," for he shall be like a tree. A boy and girl planted by the streams of God's waters will grow character. They will be beautiful to see for there is something about character that is beautiful. Character consists of purity, loyalty, honor, kindness, a sense of right and wrong within, but it does not stay within, character shows soon in the faces of boys and girls who have it.

Tennyson tells of a knight, Sir Galahad. He was brave and he was true; he knew the right and did it at the right time.

His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

So beautifully does the poet present his Galahad that everyone who reads has a yearning to be like him. He was like a tree planted by the streams of water.

Parsifal in Wagner's wonderful opera by that title is a figure of beauty and strength. There is evil in the land dwelling in a strong castle. In vain do men attempt to storm the fortress; many try but every attack ends in failure. Then Parsifal comes, and by the sheer power of his inner purity, razes the walls and evil is destroyed. Parsifal is tempted by the woman who poses as beauty and charm, but in the end the love and forgiveness of Parsifal redeem her from the evil which had possessed her.

Galahad was like a tree; Parsifal was like a tree, planted by the rivers of water. Their delight was in the law of the

Lord, and in His law did they meditate day and night. They were trees of beauty and strength because their hearts were pure; they possessed character; they grew. They were like tall pines which, when the storms come, bend with the wind but do not break, for down within them is the eternal life of God which bends with the winds of time but is never destroyed.

When we look at a tree, shall we doff our hats, and pray silently that we may be like it?



Lie Detector

But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet. Acts 5:1, 2.

THIS happened way back there at the beginning of the Christian Church. The Christians were so much "of one heart and soul" that they had all their possessions in common and no one said that he or she owned anything. When one of them sold a piece of land or a yoke of oxen, he would bring in all the money and put it in the common bank. The apostles then would give to the members of the colony according to their needs.

This is where Ananias and Sapphira step into the picture. Ananias sold some land but he did not bring in all of the price. He figured that he would continue to live from the

common fund, and at the same time, have a little extra on hand which he could use for his wife and himself in any way they wished. Today we would call it hoarding. It was not honest, of course, and it did not work.

"Why did you keep back part of the price, Ananias?" asked Peter. "You have not lied unto men, but unto God." When Ananias heard these words, the shock was too great and he fell down dead. Sapphira, his wife, was then called in, and when Peter asked why they had agreed together to lie about the price, she too fell down dead, and was carried out.

Were Peter living today he might have used what is called a "lie detector." It is an instrument used by the police when a person accused of a crime is being questioned. The sensitive machine registers the tenseness or nervous state of the one under suspicion. It does not always work, but very often they can tell by it when the accused person answers whether he is telling the truth. The pressure of nervousness rises very high when a question is put which might involve the prisoner in a crime. If the accused answers very calmly while the detector reveals a high degree of excitement underneath, the police figure that the man is lying.

But Peter had a better instrument; we may call it a "truth detector." He simply faced Ananias and Sapphira with the facts and let conscience do the detecting. Conscience—what kind of an apparatus is that, do you ask? Well, conscience is something in our hearts which tells us at once whether a thought and deed are right or wrong. It is a kind of voice which whispers very quietly, "You should do this," or "You shouldn't do that," "It would not be kind; it is not honest."

No lie detector ever invented could be as sensitive as this truth detector which every one of us possesses. If any of you have ever tried cheating in an examination, or not telling your parents the whole truth about what happened yesterday, you will remember that you did not feel exactly right. You moped about, out of sorts with everything and especially

with yourselves. The trouble was of course that the truth detector was working, and somehow you knew that you were lying not simply to teacher or parents but to God.

For conscience is the voice of God. God has placed this sense of right and wrong deep within us, and when we disregard conscience, we are in a way disregarding God.

How important then that we listen to this voice, for if we do not listen, after a while our hearing may be dulled and we lose our delicate sensitiveness to right and wrong, which is the worst calamity that can come to us. So, let your conscience be your guide; but keep that conscience sharp and clear that it may be to you always as a bright light in a dark night.



Under The Ice

He that covereth his transgressions shall not prosper; But whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall obtain mercy.
Proverbs 28:13.

*Hatred stirreth up strifes:
But love covereth all transgressions.*
Proverbs 10:12.

THIRTY feet off the point of land on which our summer camp "Lakesend" is situated, at the extreme north end of Lake Kezar in Maine, the lake bottom drops off quickly to a depth of twenty feet or more. There are springs bubbling up from below which make the water cold in spots for bathing and in winter treacherous for skating. The springs and under-

currents have a tendency to produce airholes at which the ice is very thin when there is any at all.

As the point is a good landing place, when the ice is strong enough, our neighbors across the way save themselves several miles of walking by crossing the lake and following the trail out of the woods to the postoffice. Because of the airholes, however, the crossing is always hazardous; an oar is carried which serves to test out the ice.

Late one winter afternoon a few years ago, a man who lived near the foot of Speckled Mountain decided to go for the mail. When he did not return at dusk, his family began searching, and soon the whole countryside was out. They followed his footprints across the lake, and sure enough, there was the oar at an airhole near our point, and they faced the sad truth that his body was somewhere under the ice. They had to work fast for night was falling and they knew that by morning the body might be carried by undercurrents far down the lake. The light from lanterns was played on the ice, and whenever a dark object was spotted, the ice was cut. Each time, however, they were doomed to disappointment as the object would turn out to be a board or a log. Finally, as dusk deepened, they decided to give up the search until morning.

All but one man. He refused to leave and in spite of the intense cold stayed on to continue the search. All alone now, he covered every spot of the cove, crawling along on the cold ice, and at last after hours of patient looking he made out a dark object up against the ice some distance from the airhole. Frantically he cut the ice over it and there was the body.

The neighbors were called and carefully they carried their friend home. Few words were spoken for there is not much to be said at such a time; their feelings were expressed in their faces and the friendly silence.

After a time all left for their homes except one man, the

one who had discovered the body. With hands fumbling his cap and with downcast eyes, he said slowly: "Jim and I had some trouble a few years back and we haven't been good friends since. But I just couldn't think of him being out there alone under the cold ice all night. So I felt I must keep looking till I found him. I feel better now." Then he walked out into the icy night.

"Hate stirreth up strifes:
But love covereth all transgressions."

It came a bit late, this regret for the past, but it was sincere, and his soul was washed clean by the attempt to make amends. How much better it would have been had these two men gone to each other at first with forgiveness in their hearts.

In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus said, "Agree with thine adversary quickly." And again, "If thou rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave thy gift before the altar and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come."

"Let not the sun set upon thy wrath," a very wise man wrote many years ago.

It is good advice for all of us, for "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his transgressions shall obtain mercy."

"Hatred stirreth up strifes:
But love covereth all transgressions."



Napoleon Bonaparte Versus Johnny Appleseed

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God. Matthew 5:9.

FIRST, let us look at a warmaker. Napoleon was that. He killed, destroyed men for a whim or an ambition. He wanted to conquer all of Europe for France. His personality was so attractive and magnetic that thousands of men put their lives into his hands and followed. Victory after victory they won under his generalship until at last Napoleon thought he would march into Russia to Moscow. He did, and burned the center of the city; but it was a mistake, for it is bitter cold in Russia, food was hard to get, and the Russians were furious because he had burned their beloved city. So when Napoleon, having won nothing but the Russians' hate, started to march out, the icy cold and avenging soldiers began to harass him. Thousands of men too weak to go on fell along the snow-driven roads. Huge birds which feed on flesh kept close to the thinning ranks and after the army had passed feasted on the rotting bodies of men and animals. Finally Napoleon stumbled out with only a few thousand men, a remnant of the fine army he had led in.

Was Napoleon blessed? No, he was cursed. Jesus says, history says, you cannot win that way. Napoleon, after all his victories, lost. Lost in Russia; lost at Waterloo so that even the word "Waterloo" means disaster. We say, "I met my Waterloo there," meaning, I met defeat there. Finally Napoleon was ban-

ished, sent off to the island of St. Helena to spend his last days. He lost so completely that he was not even allowed to die in his native land, the country he loved most.

Now let us look at the way of a peacemaker. It is the way of Johnny Appleseed. Johnny Appleseed was that kind, gentle man who had the idea that he would plant appleseeds in the West so that in after years men would have orchards and fruit. He wore ragged clothes and had little to eat but he was happy because he was helping this world to be a little happier; everyone who does that is happy.

But what I want you to see here is his way of making peace. In those days—a hundred and fifty years ago—the Indians were enemies of the white men because they did not want the white men to come in and take their lands. So, very often they would go on the war path and in surprise attacks upon the settlers capture, kill, and scalp them.

Johnny Appleseed, however, decided to be the Indians' friend, and friend he was. One night, at the time when Johnny was wandering about planting his orchards, looking for a place to stay, he came upon a deserted cabin or what he thought was a deserted one. When he went in, however, he found three Indians squatting before a fire, cooking a piece of meat. The Indians grunted and paid little attention to him, until the biggest one happened to glance up. Then he arose, smiled, and putting out his hand to Johnny said:

"How do, Johnny, you no forget me, Mectosha, me hurt, you make me well."

Johnny remembered then that one day long before he had found Mectosha caught in a huge wolf trap and had helped him to get free. He bound up the severe wound so that the Indian could walk.

"Oh yes, me well and strong—you hungry?" At that Mectosha offered him a piece of their meat.

Johnny Appleseed carried no gun for he wanted to harm neither animal nor human being. The Indians knew this and

he was always welcome in their camps. Often he stayed with them for weeks, binding up their wounds, healing them with simple remedies. It is said that many papooses not expected to live he took from the arms of the mother squaws and brought back to life. Never was he dishonest with the Indians and never did he wrong them.

Once he heard that a little white girl had been captured and was in an Indian village. He went there and the little girl, weeping, rushed into his arms. The Indians, because Johnny had been so kind, sold the girl to him for two dollars, and joyously he took her back to the frantic parents.

That was the way of Johnny Appleseed. It was the way of love. He loved his enemies and they loved him. Napoleon killed; Johnny healed. Napoleon lost; Johnny Appleseed won. Napoleon destroyed good will; Johnny Appleseed built and created love.

Which of the two do you think was the true son of our Father?



Because They Wouldn't Believe

And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief. Matthew 13:58.

BECAUSE of their unbelief.

You cannot do very much with people who refuse to believe. If you are going to do anything worth while you must have faith.

Here was Jesus going back to Nazareth, his home town.

Undoubtedly he had anticipated this visit for some time. How splendid it would be to see the old home scenes again: the house in which he had lived, the streets where he had played so many happy days, the neighbors he knew so well—Isaac, Ishmael, Dan, Hamor, and all the other playmates of his childhood days.

But as he walked down the street, he knew that something was wrong; it did not seem to be the same town. His old friends hardly looked at him; a cold wind seemed to blow across the town freezing the faces and the hearts of those he knew so well. He smiled but they did not smile back at him. In the synagogue when he spoke, they marveled at his teachings but they would not believe them for they said: "We know him; he is only a carpenter's son. We know all about his family; what does he know that we don't?" The upshot was that Jesus could not do the healing and the kind of things he had done in other places because they would not believe.

Some years ago several men had the crazy idea that it was possible for human beings to fly in the air. You who are used to airplanes flying about can hardly realize what a foolish thought that was. So absurd was it that even those who witnessed the first flight said that it was impossible; they were sure that it must have been an accident due to very strong winds.

But there were two brothers who believed. Their names are Wilbur and Orville Wright. In April, 1904, near Dayton, Ohio, these two young men carried on practice flights in a pasture field. There was an interurban car line on one side and a highway on the other, so that there could be no secret about it, but just the same no one believed, but these two men.

"People who had passed the pasture on interurban cars used to come to our office," the editor of the Dayton *Daily News* says, "to inquire why there was nothing in the paper about the flights. Such callers got to be a nuisance."

"Why wasn't there anything in the paper?" someone asked.

"We just didn't believe it," grinned the editor.

Perhaps the main reason why so little was said about their first attempts at flying was that they seldom went higher than ten or fifteen feet. At Kittyhawk they made short straight-away hops; but in 1904 and 1905 they learned how to steer the plane and began circling about. It was in October, 1905, that Orville flew for twenty whole miles all in one stretch, and several days after that Wilbur actually flew twenty-four miles without once touching the ground.

Several school children told the editor of another paper that they had seen the Wrights flying about the cow pasture. The editor spoke to Orville about it and the flier admitted it was true. All that the editor replied was, "Well, if you ever do something unusual be sure to let us know."

Imagine that! Anything unusual, when no man up to that time had ever dared to ape birds and soar about in the air. So it went on. The Wrights wrote letters to the United States War Department, but the Department wouldn't believe their crazy tales. It was not until the French government began to show interest in the invention that our own government awoke; and four years after the flight at Kittyhawk the government bought a Wright plane for \$25,000. The plane had to be able to take another passenger for one hour, move at forty miles per hour, and carry enough gasoline for one hundred and twenty-five miles.

By this time even New York papers had heard of it and sent their best men to cover the news. What these clever men did was to hide every day in the pine forest next to the pasture and wait. What was their surprise one day, May 14, 1908, to see what up to that time no one had ever witnessed—*two men* in a strange-looking machine flying in the air. When the flight was ended there were tears in the reporters' eyes; at last they believed. The whole world believed; and when once we believed, the airplane was rapidly developed.

But you and I are just as slow as were they to believe. We know that Jesus can do mighty works in the hearts of boys and girls but we won't believe it. Not really. For example, Jesus says that love is the most powerful word on this earth. Love heals; love forgives; love drives away ill-feeling; love conquers spite and anger; love makes enemies into friends. And yet I think we do not believe it, or surely we would use love more than we do.

Here is a boy or a girl you have hurt in some way, maybe by an unkind word or a thoughtless act; perhaps it was unintentional. What are you going to do about it? Say this: "Oh, if he wants to be a baby, if she wants to be a baby, let him pout, let her sulk!" That would only make matters worse, would it not? Or will you let love have its way with you, and go to the one who is hurt and ask forgiveness? That is Jesus' way. Love works mightily in such cases when it is tried. If we would only believe its power and use it every day, I think it would make a tremendous difference; soon we would be changed for the better.

Why do you think that the nations of our world do not try Jesus' way of making and keeping peace? It must be because they won't believe; they won't believe that love works so mightily. And yet clear cases are right before their and our eyes.

Take Canada and the United States: why is it that we have no guns and no battleships between us, and why do we get along so well together? It is because we believe; we believe in love, and our belief is justified, for love makes it impossible for us to fight, kill, and destroy each other.

Take Chile and Argentina in South America. Do you know that for hundreds of years those two countries fought each other? But one day someone believed; believed enough to suggest that their cannon and balls be melted and made into a statue of Christ. It was done, and high up in the Andes today, on the border between these two nations, stands the figure

of Jesus, the symbol of love, and they have not had a war since. It was because they believed that such mighty works for peace could be done.

Jesus is just outside your door, today, waiting to do mighty works. Will you believe and let him in?



Taking The Wrong Trail

[Judas] then having received the sop went out straightway: and it was night. John 13:30.

JUDAS was a handsome, clear-eyed, alert young man when Jesus first called him to be his disciple. For a while he walked the same road the other Disciples traveled, heard the same words of Jesus, saw the same healing of the sick, but he did not come out at the same place they did. After a while he left the main trail and followed a by-path which led to treachery. When he left Jesus and the disciples on the night to which our text refers, he went out to sell his soul for thirty pieces of silver. In the Garden of Gethsemane he told the Roman soldiers who Jesus was by kissing him. Judas betrayed Jesus and after that hung himself.

It is so easy sometimes to follow the wrong trail. Two summers ago with my young daughter and son I climbed Speckled Mountain in Maine. It was past the middle of the afternoon when we reached the top of the first shoulder and it looked as though we would get no further. As we were resting and picking blueberries, down the trail toward us

came a very young girl. She had a look on her face that made us think she might be lost, so I stopped her and asked where she was going. She said that her father and brother were on ahead and that she was to meet them at the car at the foot of the mountain. But we had seen no car at the base, nor had we passed her father and brother, so I began asking questions to find that she had come to the top of the mountain by another trail. If she had gone down our trail, she would have landed in the woods at dusk five miles from where her father and brother were.

What had happened? The trails from different sides of Speckled Mountain gradually come together near the top and become one path. In walking down alone the little girl at the junction had taken the trail to the left instead of the one to the right; and that had made all the difference. I went up with her to where the other trail came in; she took it and soon joined her folks down the mountain.

One August day a man of our church and I climbed Mount Adams of the Presidential Range, by way of King's Ravine. It was a stiff climb for the headwall of the craggy ravine rises at a steep angle for thirteen hundred feet. Halfway up the headwall we came into a cloud which looked innocent enough but which in fact was a driving rain. We hardly knew whether to go on or to turn back, but we decided to push up to the top of the ravine, five thousand feet in elevation, then cross to the left and down to the Madison huts.

After several hours of climbing we came to the top of the headwall where there was a large pile of rocks called a cairn. But the signs had been blown down by the wind, and the rain and mist were so dense that we could not see more than twenty feet in any direction. What should we do now? Try to find the huts, of course. We did this by going a short distance down the trail we had come up, then moving off to the right in what we thought was the general direction.

Both of us did not dare to leave the cairns at the same time,

so one would stay at the last cairn till the other found the next. Thus we worked our way down quite a distance, and then to our dismay the trail swung off to the right and down what is known as Adams Slide. That would have been dangerous on such a day and anyway would have landed us fifteen miles from our car; so we had to work our way back again to the cairn at the junction and try another trail. Three times we did this before we found the right path and after a mile of scrambling, slipping, falling, we ran point-blank into the warmth and food of the Madison huts. Two college boys, who said they had not seen the sun for two weeks, were there as keepers, and they made some soup for us while we wrung out our clothes. An hour later they took us to the trail leading back to our car. Five hundred feet below we came out into sunshine; birds were singing and the trail was dry. We learned that it had been a warm, sunshiny day below with the temperature around eighty-five degrees.

Now the interesting point about all this is that the three trails started from the main cairn at the top of King's Ravine, and for a time went in the same general direction. But they did not end at the same point; they ended miles apart. It was not easy in the rain and mist to find the exact point where the trails separated, but we had to find it, if we were to come out at the shelter of Madison huts.

Boys and girls are constantly coming to such junction points where several trails meet: You have to decide which trail you will take, and the choice makes all the difference.

For example, on Sunday mornings here are two trails confronting you; which will you take? You may stay at home or come to church school and the church service. If you decide to take the home trail it does not seem to make much difference to you now, but if you keep on taking it and stay away from church all your life, you will come out miles from where you would have landed had you taken the church trail. I have

noticed that the happy, fine, helpful citizens in a community are those who have selected the trail called religion.

At this junction point, I think you should stop and consider, get your bearings, and decide what you want to do with your life. Do you want to follow the Christ trail or will you select the hard, selfish trail of thinking always about yourself? This latter self-seeking trail is a kind of Adams Slide which dips down dangerously and is likely to land you in the shadows of a valley far from home.

Habits are trails. Every day you are forming some kind of habit. You are standing at a junction point. There are the smile trail and the grumpy trail; the kind trail and the cutting, harsh, unkind trail; the honest trail and the almost honest trail.

All these paths seem to move off together but after a while they quietly separate and come out finally worlds apart.

So stop, read the signs, and make sure you are on the right trail.



Why The Rule Is Golden

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matthew 7:12.

DID you ever wonder why this is called the Golden Rule? I have. It may be because gold is a precious metal and this rule for life is so precious. Perhaps it is because a person who lives by this rule has such a radiant life; gold shines. Whatever the reason is, the fact remains that we would not want

to be without this Golden Rule. Eddie Rickenbacker, in his story of drifting for days on the Pacific, says that his religion is mostly the Golden Rule. Men all over the world have realized its value and have tried to live by it. Recently I came upon the different ways the world's greatest religious teachers have said it.

The Hindu says it this way: "The true rule is to do by the things of others as you do by your own."

Buddha: "One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self."

Parsee: "Do as you would be done by." That is the way we used to say it out in Ohio.

Confucius: "What you would not wish done to yourself do not to others."

Mohamet: "Let none of you treat a brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."

Jewish: "Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not unto him."

If you want kindness shown to you, what is the right way to get it? Here are two boys who have lately become acquainted by moving to the same block. One says, "I'll show him how to be a neighbor!" So he struts out, picks a quarrel with the boy, breaks his sled, and then gives him a kick on the shins. The boy he has kicked about smiles at him and immediately becoming very friendly, gives him some candy from his pocket. Is that the way it works? Not so you would usually notice it. I happen to be acquainted with a boy like the quarrelsome one, and he doesn't seem to have many friends.

No, you cannot make friends that way. These great teachers say you must be friendly if you wish to have friends. If you want to have folks smile at you, you will have to smile at them. If you go about looking like a first-class June afternoon thunderstorm, do not expect that you will have everyone else smiling and grinning at you. It is like throwing a pebble against

a wall; the pebble comes bouncing back. Ordinarily you get what you give.

If you were very hungry, in fact starving as some children in Europe and in China are starving, what would you like to have others do to you? Give you food, wouldn't you? All right then, says Jesus, when you hear of others starving, be sure to do for them what you would like to have done for yourself if you were in the same situation.

This rule, you see, works in many ways, in many places, and always it changes those who live it day by day.

One day I saw a boy cutting a pie. Did he follow this rule? No indeed, he certainly did not. He cut the biggest piece for himself and saw to it that it landed on his plate. Supposing he had cut the pie for someone else as he would have had that person cut it for him; it would have been different, would it not? A wise person faced with such a situation had one boy cut a small cake, then gave the other boy the choice of pieces. Was that boy's face red! But you and I cannot always have someone as wise as that around, so we had better follow this wisest of all rules.

Do you enjoy having boys and girls say things behind your back when you are not there to defend yourself? No one likes that. Very well then, what are you going to do when a play-mate whispers something mean about someone? You will not listen to it, will you? Isn't that what you would like to have done to you?

So many things we hear about people are not true, or are only partly true. If we would stop talking till we know the truth about a person, it would help a great deal to kill the lies which often fly about. Surely you would want lies about you to be stopped; very well, say these teachers, stop them when they are told about someone else.

Here are two countries side by side. Will they be able to live together without quarreling and fighting? Yes, if they follow the Golden Rule; if each does to the other what it

would have its neighbor do to it. This rule works, works wherever it is tried; works so well that Canada and the United States have never had a war nor even a first-class argument. They simply follow the most golden of all rules, and deal kindly, gently, peaceably with each other. Do you wonder why the rest of the world cannot do that? The nations can, of course, and will some time, I think. Some day they will give up their chains and realize that there is only one way to live in God's world, the way of the Golden Rule.

Several years ago you may have heard that Germany was putting chains and irons on British prisoners of war. They said they did it because the English and Canadians in a Commando raid on the coast of France had chained some German prisoners. It grew worse and worse till there were many prisoners on each side in chains. Then one day, one of the nations decided to try the other method, so it took off the chains. The other nation did the same thing.

Yes, it always works, and I do want you to give it a good try. You will never make a mistake if you treat other boys and girls as you yourself would like to be treated.

Therefore, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.



The Curies Gave Radium

For God so loved the world, that he gave . . . John 3:16.

TO HAVE God's spirit in one's heart is to give. To be like Christ is to give. That is why the givers are so happy I suppose;

they are like Christ, and he was the happiest man, I think, that ever lived.

Many years ago in Poland there was a little girl named Marya. She was born November 7, 1867, and by the family was called Manya—Manya Sklodovska. When she was five years of age, her sister Bronya played school with her teaching her the letters of the alphabet. One day Bronya was trying to read and not doing very well, when Manya seized the book and read several lines as though she had been reading for years. After that they tried to keep books from her, for she was so eager to learn and they thought it was not good for her so young to study so much.

But her desire to learn never ceased; in fact it increased with the years. When she was a young lady she went to Paris to get work and to study at the university. Her daughter Eve writes of her during those years: "She was healthy, honest, sensitive and gay. She had a loving heart. She was, as her teachers said, remarkably gifted."

She thought there was no place in her life for love and marriage, but one day she met a remarkable young man named Pierre Curie. Soon they were deeply in love with each other and very soon they were married. Pierre was already a noted scientist and like Marie was keenly interested in finding out more and more about the secrets of the world.

So they had a wonderful time together, Pierre and Marie. Whenever they had opportunity, they rode bicycles, their sole possessions, into the country to study the flowers and the wild life which they loved so much. They were poor as far as having money goes, but they were rich in happiness and love. They asked little of this life and gave much. That is what made them so happy.

Their greatest gift to the world came about in this way. For four years they had worked in a kind of shed carrying on experiments. It was not much of a laboratory for it was cold in winter and terribly hot in summer. When it rained, the

drops came through to dampen the ground and the worktables. In the winter the rain froze and there was nothing they could do about it, for the stove gave out very little heat. But nothing kept them from their work and day by day the cheeriest couple in Paris went on working in this dilapidated shed.

What were they doing? They were searching for radium, the substance which gives off such strong rays. If they could only find it, what they would do for a suffering world! For these rays were so powerful that they would kill germs, the enemies of man, and heal diseases.

Pierre, the husband, began to get a little discouraged—they had worked so hard and so long; but not Marie. Marie had set out to find radium and to get it off by itself away from all other substances, and she would do it, come what might.

Came a day in 1902—what a day it was! They were to remember it forever for they succeeded in preparing a very tiny amount of radium, a decigram it is called. Victory at last! Their long years of hard, patient work were rewarded; in their keeping was the greatest discovery man had made for centuries: radium, that precious material which was to do so much for the ills of humanity.

But that evening amid all their excitement, Marie Curie did not forget her child Irene, four years old, who wanted her mother as she went to sleep. So, she climbed the stairs and sat beside the bed in the darkness till the child needed her no more; then Pierre and she went to the shed and without lighting a lamp gazed long at the radium, which glowed with a strange light. Here in that glow were wealth, luxury, everything they had desired, and they had been so poor.

Now we come to the high point in Marie Curie's life. When the world heard about the discovery, immediately it wanted to buy it. Thousands of dollars were offered if they would only surrender the secret of the chemical process. But the Curies would not sell. Their discovery belonged to the world, they said, and it could not be bought; however, they would give it.

And give it they did, to bless you and me and countless millions in all the years to come. When they talked about the offers to sell, Marie said: "It is impossible. It would be contrary to the scientific spirit. . . . Radium is going to be of use in treating disease."

Eve, the daughter, says in her book, "They had chosen forever between poverty and fortune." They remained poor; they made the world rich. No wonder they were so happy as they rode on their bicycles into the countryside to gather wild flowers. They were as joyous as you are, when you are really happy, for they had done what you and I must do if we want happiness. They had given themselves and their great discovery to help others.

That is what Jesus did, is it not? He gave his life for us.



"As Unto The Bow The Cord Is"

And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. I Corinthians 12:21-22.

As I was leaving my room several days ago, I heard some voices coming from a corner where a bow and arrow stood. The cord on the bow was saying, "I don't care what you say; you can't get along without me."

At that the bow angrily replied: "You, you insignificant little

string! What could you do alone? Why, both ends of you are fastened to me!"

"If I weren't fastened to you, you couldn't bend at all. I pull you, and you follow, and you know it," said the cord.

I was interested, and stood quite still looking on. Finally they became quite excited; but after awhile the cord had a happy idea. "We'll leave it to Chief Arrow," he shouted.

"Chief Arrow," said the cord, "you've been in the Army, tell us, which of us is more important?"

Chief Arrow proudly pulled up his feathers and answered, "The fact is, neither of you is important. I'm the only one around here that matters. Mr. Bow, you're so proud of yourself—what good would it do you to bend, if you didn't have me to shoot? Mr. Cord, what good would it do you to bend Mr. Bow, if you didn't have me? Nothing. It's settled."

Was it settled? Was the arrow all-important? What did they miss? This: none of them is any good alone. Each depends upon the other. Each has something important to do, but they must work together.

It is true in a game. After school in a ball game you know how it is, the players all want to be pitchers. Someone has to catch. You cannot pitch if there is no one to catch.

Sometimes you think you are very important and others are not. You look snobbishly at farmers, coal miners, milk carriers, but you forget how much you depend upon them. You may be the arrow, but here are the bow and cord, who make it possible for you to live. Where does your cereal come from? The farmer. Where does your milk come from? The dairyman and the milkman who rise very early on cold winter mornings. You eat fish; fishermen risk their lives for you. Your clothing, where does it come from? Often you do not know and do not care.

For many centuries God has been trying to teach us this lesson of dependence upon each other. Some of us are yellow, some black, some brown, some white. The white cannot say, "I am the bow; you black folks are not necessary." The yellow

people cannot say, "I am the cord; you brown folks are not important." God intended that each should have a place. Each race, yellow, black, white, or brown, has an important place in the world. Each is necessary to the others' happiness. Will you remember that and say with the bow, the cord, and the arrow: "We are one; without each other we can do nothing."



Foe Halts Gunfire

The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy. Psalms 119:64.

Do you believe that? Mercy means refraining from doing harm to another when you might expect harm to be done; it means compassion which is sorrow or pity for another's distress; kindly treatment of an enemy's misfortune. Is the earth full of that? Yes, it does seem that in the hearts of men everywhere there is a rich vein of mercy. Let hardship or misfortune come, and mercy begins to show itself in the words and deeds of kindness on the part of many people. Even in time of war, we see it. Mercy means that God is in the heart, and above the noise and tumult of battle His voice is being heard. The earth, the hearts of men, O Lord, are full of Thy mercy.

On February 10, 1943, this report came to us from Tunisia in North Africa. There, as you know, a battle was taking place between the Americans and British on one side and the Germans and Italians on the other.

Lieutenant Walton Goodwin of Richmond, Virginia, taking part in the first real battle of his life, found himself with his

platoon of light tanks out ahead of others in the surge against the German lines. Two of the tanks were wrecked by German antitank fire and his own tank, hitting a mine, was disabled.

Using smoke grenades to cover the movements of his crew, Goodwin stayed behind with a machine gun while his men ran to a scout car near by. No sooner had they reached the car than it was destroyed by a German mortar shell, and two of the men were killed. The third, with his leg badly damaged and almost severed, managed to crawl sixty feet or so.

When Goodwin saw what had happened, he ran to the wounded man, but decided that he would have to amputate the leg before the soldier could be removed from the field. He shouted for a knife and through a rain of machine-gun bullets Sergeant Alfred A. St. Germaine, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, came running with a pocketknife. When you are playing with your toy tanks and airplanes, and it all seems so glorious, try to remember this picture. Here is another side to war which perhaps you have not thought much about.

From a first-aid kit Goodwin then administered morphine and applied sulfanilamide to the wound, after which he amputated the leg. Having done this, he lifted the wounded man to his shoulder and began running for cover.

Then the surprise! Suddenly the German machine guns stopped firing and remained silent until Goodwin and the wounded man were over the top of the hill and out of danger.

No one would have protested had the German boys kept on firing, for war is war and callously brutal. But the guns were silent; and somehow it does us good to hear it, for we know that out on that battlefield, God was still speaking to the hearts of men.

Partly, of course, it was admiration for Goodwin's bravery in standing by a wounded comrade when his own life was in extreme danger, that prompted the ceasing of the firing. But it must have been also because they were merciful. Here was a badly wounded man in great pain and suffering being carried

off the field of battle by a soldier of extreme courage. They could not fire upon that, and so they mercifully silenced their guns.

If ever you and I are tempted to think that one must only hate an enemy and be brutal in our treatment of him, let us remember this picture painted with the colors of suffering, courage, admiration, and mercy. And then perhaps we will agree with the Psalmist: "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy."



The House That Friendship Built

Build ye houses, and dwell in them. Jeremiah 29:5.

That was the word of the old prophet to the people of Israel when they were led into captivity in Babylon. Build ye houses.

That is the word of God to us this morning: Build ye houses. In fact, we *are* building houses whether or not we want to do so. Those houses are not of wood, mortar, nails, and stone, but houses just the same.

Did you know you were building a house of habit? Tomorrow you are more likely than not to do pretty much what you did today. If you are careless today, you will be careless tomorrow. If you are selfish today, you are not likely to be unselfish tomorrow. Unless, of course, you begin today to build up different habits, that is, a different house.

Perhaps you did not know it, but you are building a house of character today. Character is the word which stands for what you are in your heart. If you are true, loyal, honest, generous,

kind, you are living in a house of good character which you yourself have built.

You are building a house of friendship today which you will live in tomorrow. Some boys and girls do not have many friends. That is because they never built for themselves a house of friendly deeds to dwell in.

Not long ago my attention was called to a beautiful house. It is called "The House That Friendship Built," and stands at the edge of a small Ohio city called Painesville.

Franklin Waite, a guard in a construction plant, had been saving money for a long time to build a little cottage for his wife and daughter. Finally he had enough money to buy the materials but it was necessary to do the building himself in his spare time. When he was just about to start, the Army drafted him and he had to give up all his plans.

But hear what happened. Waite was so well liked, had built such a generous house of friendship, that his friends got together and worked out a little scheme. The next day a dozen painters and fifty carpenters did not stop work when the whistle blew; instead they grabbed their tools and rushed to the edge of town and kept right on working. They had great fun doing it for they were not working for themselves; they were building a house of friendship.

When the house was finished and glistened with white paint, Waite almost wept he was so happy. Now, no matter where he would go, there would go with him the thought that his wife and child were secure in their new home.

Isn't that a wonderful house? "The House That Friendship Built." I have heard of such houses.

One day a woman fell and broke her hip. This meant that she would have to be in the hospital for eleven weeks at least. A young woman, a stranger, heard of the accident and went to see her. She went again the next day and the next; took flowers and books, and read to the patient. Practically every day for the entire eleven weeks this young woman visited her

new friend. And what a friendship sprang up between them. It was a house, you see, a house that friendship built.

There are other houses you can build. Your Community Chest is the agency which collects money for organizations that build character in young people, relieve want, take care of the homeless, elderly folk, and many other needs. It is a Chest of friendliness. When you give to it, as I hope all of you will, you are building, building a house of happiness for others. And when this Chest is well filled, and you have done your part, you can say to yourself: "This is the boy, this is the girl, that lived in the town that gave to the Chest that friendship built."



Victory In Gardens

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.
I Corinthians 3:6.

IT SEEMS that in the very early days of the Church at Corinth, a dispute arose among the people as to whom they should follow, Paul or Apollos. Whereupon Paul wrote them a letter saying in effect that the people should follow neither of them for neither was important enough. "Neither is he that planteth anything," he wrote, "neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. . . . For we are laborers together with God." It is God you must worship and follow, for all that men can do is to plant the seed and water the ground; God does all the rest.

Many of you are interested in victory gardens. I want to

suggest one for you. Supposing you grind some wood into pulp and cut some paper into tiny pieces and mix them in a box which you place in the playroom. Then make rows with your finger and very carefully drop some pieces of chalk in the shape of seeds along the rows, and cover them up. For a week or two you leave it and one morning you go in to see how the victory garden is coming along. Would you find the seed sprouted and pushing up through the wood and paper? No? Why not? Because that is not the way a garden is made. You cannot make a garden yourself, do you say? Paul said that too. Neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth anything, but God that giveth the increase. What he means to say is that the garden is God's, and any victory that comes from it is God's, not ours.

If we want to have a garden, we must have it God's way. Let us see what part God plays. Here is a potato. Is there any life in this potato? How do we know? Well, we know there is because, were we to place this potato in the soil some warm spring day, it would begin to sprout. Did we have anything to do with life getting into it? Not a thing; God put life in its heart.

Now, let us plant this potato in our back yard. What happens just as soon as we place it in the ground? Several things. The sun shines on it and sunlight is absolutely necessary to growth. Did we have any part in creating the sun? Not one little bit. Moisture in the soil starts to work; God furnishes that. In addition there are elements in the ground which begin to do their part. Do you see now what a large share God has in a garden? The soil, water, sunshine, the life already in the potato, all come from Him. True, we have our part: we prepare the soil, bring the potato from the bin, plant, hoe, and water, but God does all the rest. He provides everything which causes the potato to grow.

So, really it is God's victory, not ours, this garden and its

healthy, growing plants. All we do is to help God a little; we are laborers together with Him, says Paul.

What did we mean during the war by the term "victory gardens?" Ordinarily we meant that by cultivating victory gardens we would grow enough vegetables to feed our allies and ourselves and finally win a military victory. But God wanted us to win more than that, didn't He? Surely He wanted us to win a victory for Him. How do that? By using this food which His earth produces to feed His hungry children wherever they may be. God desires that every hungry child shall be fed, doesn't He?

Now that the war is over, there is more need than ever for victory gardens. Today we have a chance to win this greatest victory. The people of countries recently our enemies are starving. Can we let them starve and be like Christ ourselves? There is only one answer to that—no, we cannot.

Here then is a new meaning for a victory garden. Let us grow all the vegetables we can, using every foot of space available. These new victory gardens will grow love and sympathy as well as radishes, onions, corn, and potatoes. They will grow a thrifty plant which conquers hate and tends to make us all brothers. Victory in a garden is to take these vegetables which God grows for us and use them to make a world where men will be friends and all will live at peace. That will be quite a victory, will it not?

So plant, water, hoe, raise all you can during these next years. Everything you do to help in God's garden will bring us a little nearer to His Kingdom.



Island Eyes

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Matthew 5:8.

WHY do the pure in heart stand a better chance of seeing God? I think it is because of the fact that purity sees purity, and ugliness sees ugliness. That is to say, if you have light in your heart, you will see light outside; if you have darkness inside, you will not be able to see anything, for all will be darkness. When Jesus said, "If thine eye be evil thy whole body shall be full of darkness," that is what He meant.

Eddie Rickenbacker calls this "island eyes." He says we see things in the world because we wish to see them. This is practically the same as Jesus' idea, the pure in heart see God, for if we wish to see certain things in the world, it is because we have them all set up beforehand in our minds. The purity in our hearts sees the pure God.

Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew of seven men set out in an airplane from Hawaii, October 21, 1942, to fly to Island X, eighteen hundred miles away. All went well for awhile and then with only four hours of gasoline left, they began to realize that they had probably overshot the mark. There was no sign of Island X or of any other island, for that matter. In desperation they began to turn in all directions. They asked "Island X" to fire their antiaircraft guns, setting the shells to burst at 7000 feet, well above the cloud level. They asked them to send out planes, which was done, but neither could catch sight of the other.

Then came this interesting experience. Captain Rickenbacker says: "In due time, like all others lost on the Pacific, we got what airmen call 'island eyes.' You see land because you want to see it and have to see it and with all of us at the windows, every cloud shadow momentarily held the promise of land."

Island eyes. We see something because we want to see it. That is, we see it because there is something within us which makes us want to see it. According to Rickenbacker, every boy, every girl creates his or her own world. We carry a world about in our own hearts, so that the world outside becomes like the world within us.

A few days ago when I was going downtown, a strong, disagreeably raw wind was blowing. Here and there I could see a person being pushed off balance for a step or two. Truly it was not a day for laughing or smiling; most everyone was quite glum. Except for one woman. She came down the street with her face wreathed in smiles; she was playing a game with the wind, it seemed. I heard her hearty laugh ring out several times before I came near, and as she passed, she called out, "Isn't this a great April day?" I smiled at that, and began to think that it might be a great day, in fact could be a very interesting day, if one knew how to play with it and enjoy it as she did. Others were smiling with her too, and I wonder how many people changed their minds about that day because she gave them a happy island eye.

If you have some happiness within which makes you desire more, you will find happiness everywhere you go. The raw wind will play with you, and the cold rain will sing for you, and nothing will there be in all your day which will not bring you a smile or a laugh. That is, if you have island eyes. There is some good and there is some bad in each of us; which do you wish to see? When you see only the bad in others, I think it is because the bad is uppermost in your mind at the time. On the other hand, Jesus taught us by his words and life that there is good and God in each of us, and if we will keep them

uppermost in our minds, we shall always be looking for God in this world which needs Him so much.

Happy are the boy and girl who have goodness in their hearts, for through this goodness they will be able to see the God of all good. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.



Interference

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. John did baptize in the wilderness. . . . And preached, saying, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.
Mark 1:2-4, 7.

DO WE understand from this that John the Baptist had one great idea and that was to prepare the way for Jesus? He had no thought for himself; he wanted only to have the hearts of the people ready so that when Jesus came, they would listen to him. John was very humble as to his part; he considered himself not even worthy of tying Jesus' shoes.

If we read on through the New Testament, we will come to the book of Hebrews and in the sixth chapter make a discovery. In one verse the writer mentions Jesus as a forerunner, as one going before us preparing our way. "The forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

How interesting that is: John the Baptist goes before pre-

paring the way for Jesus, and Jesus, following him, goes before preparing the path for us; and we, well, we have a part too. It is our part to prepare the way for those who will come after us. And so it goes on through the years, each of us preparing the way for someone else.

In football this is called "interference." An interferer is a player who runs ahead or by the side of the player carrying the ball. When the opposing players try to tackle the ball carrier, it is the business of the interferer to prevent them from doing it. The interferer has one task and that is to prepare the way for the ball carrier, to make his path straight down the field. That makes him just as necessary as the one who runs with the ball, though the spectators usually do not applaud him.

Most every boy and many girls have heard of Tom Harmon, the fleet halfback of the Michigan football team. He was a great open-field runner. Fast, elusive, resourceful, down the field he went dodging back and forth, shaking off tacklers and making one touchdown after another. Against a strong California team he made two touchdowns in about as many minutes.

A spectator who used to play football decided he would help the California team. "If he does that again," this man said, "I'm going to get him." It was not long before Harmon broke loose and started down the field again. Sure enough the former football player jumped down from the stands and tackled him, threw his arms around Harmon's legs to stop him. To the amazement of everyone, Harmon never slowed up; simply shook off the would-be tackler and ran like a deer across the goal line.

After the game someone congratulated Harmon saying how wonderful it was that he could make so many touchdowns. This was his reply: "Don't talk about me; talk about the Ape. It's the Ape who makes the holes for me."

Who was the Ape? The Ape was Harmon's nickname for the big fellow on the Michigan team who ran ahead and

pushed the opposing players out of the way. The Ape ran the interference for Harmon. Did someone try to tackle Harmon? The Ape would throw himself at the tackler and put him out of the play. If it had not been for him, Harmon knows that he would not have made the long gains in every game. The Ape, you see, went before, prepared the way for Harmon, made his path straight.

All of us need someone like that, and many of us have forerunners who are clearing our paths. I wonder if we know as clearly as did Harmon that we have them.

Do you think about your fathers and mothers as forerunners for you? They are. They work, plan, earn money, that you may have a straight path, that is, have clothes, food, and a place to live. They go out ahead so that you may come running through with the ball.

There have been interferers for you in this church. How happily and easily we come here on Sunday mornings; it is fine to be able to arise on Sunday and walk briskly to church to give thanks to God for all His goodness. But sometimes I wish you would stop to think how this church came to be. It did not just happen; it had to be built. It required hard work, planning, money, much thought and sacrifice to build it. Do you understand that those who did this for us were forerunners, interference, clearing the way so that you and I may enjoy this beautiful church building?

So is it with our country. "God bless America!" we sing. Yes, God bless America, but God help us as boys and girls to know and understand how we got our America. We have liberty, freedom, but they did not come by chance; they were bought at a tremendous cost. Running ahead of us, there have been true patriots, lovers of liberty, our forefathers, who gave much that you and I might be free.

Will you always keep this in mind: that you are not running alone, but that many people are helping, working for you, thinking of you, pushing away difficulties so that you may go running through to your goal?

If you do remember, I think you will use more carefully what is given you, thanking God for all His goodness. You will be so happy that you will want nothing so much as to run ahead to clear the path for someone else.



The Brave Truck Driver

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. Joshua 24:15.

DOES this mean that you and I, boys and girls, men and women have to make a choice each day? It does. And that choice is whether we will serve ourselves or God. We may duck and run, stick our heads into the sand like an ostrich when we see the choice coming but we cannot escape. No matter how fast we run, it catches up; no matter how deep we dig into the sand, it stands beside us, haunts us until we give answer. Choose you this day whom ye will serve, yourself or God.

A few years ago the question of whom he would serve confronted a brave young lad in Michigan. Outside a city along the road is a simple monument put there in memory of this youth who made the choice. One day a truck which he was driving at the top of a steep hill suddenly began to go faster and faster. Quickly he applied the brakes only to find they were useless. What should he do? He could have jumped then and left the car to itself; but coming up the hill toward him were some cars and children walking. Opening the door he leaped to the running board but did not jump to the ground. Instead he reached through the window and guided the truck safely past the other cars and the children until its speed was

so great he could control it no longer. At the foot of the hill it crashed into a building throwing the brave driver to the ground.

"He saved others, himself he could not save." This young man made the choice that day; he could not escape making it, and in those brief moments he decided to forget himself.

Robert Jackson made the choice. After being graduated from college in America he decided to go to China as a medical missionary. No sooner, however, did he arrive in China than he heard that the bubonic plague was sweeping down from the north. He knew that no one ever recovered from this plague once it fastened itself upon him. The call came for someone to go north to Mukden and take from the trains moving south those who had contracted the disease.

What should he do? Tell them he would go, maybe take a chance on losing his own life? Or play safe and stay in the south where there was no danger? The night in which he made the decision was a sleepless one for him; he walked the floor thinking of himself, of his mother, then of the helpless Chinese with a terrible fate moving rapidly down upon them. A voice seemed to say, "Choose you this night whom ye will serve."

He chose. He decided to save the Chinese people and forget himself. Going to Mukden, for several weeks he carried from the trains Chinese travelers who showed signs of the plague, and because of his valiant efforts the march of the dread disease was halted.

But one day Robert Jackson felt weak and dizzy, and soon the plague numbered him among its victims. He saved others, himself he could not save. Like his Christ of whom these words were spoken, he gave himself in his youth that others might have life.

Jesus could not, Robert Jackson could not, the young truck driver could not escape the choice. Nor can you, says the Scripture. This day, there will stand before you two things you may do: one, to think of others' happiness; the other, to make

life circle about yourself. There may be someone at home whose comfort depends upon you; choose you this day whether you will go out and play thinking only to please yourself, or whether you will add a little cheer to that one. It may be a boy or girl you know at school, who is lonely, shunned by others because of race, religion, or appearance. Choose you, whether you will befriend that one, or whether you will pass by on the other side with unseeing eyes.

You may seem to lose your life, when you decide for others, but I am certain of this: you will never regret your choice. For Jesus has said, "He who loseth his life for my sake will find it." I have never known a really happy, contented, selfish person. Have you?



Putting The Boy Together

ONE afternoon a father was taking care of his little son, and what a busy afternoon it turned out to be. He would suggest something interesting for Tommy to do, and then turn to his paper, only to find him in a few minutes standing by his side asking for more. At his wits' end, the father finally spied a newspaper in which was a map of the United States. Very carefully he cut the map into small irregular pieces and placing them on the floor set Tommy to putting the map together. Victory at last! This would take the lively little rascal at least an hour. But no such luck; in ten minutes there was his son again standing by his shoulder.

"What! You don't mean to say you put that map together in ten minutes! How did you do it so quickly?"

"Well, you see, Daddy," replied Tommy, "there was a pic-

ture of a boy on the other side and I thought that if I could get the boy put together right, then the United States would have to be right."

If I could get the boy put together right, then the United States would have to be right. I wonder if you see how true that is; if we have the right kind of girls and boys, we will have the right kind of United States, for the reason that a nation is only you—and you—and you put together.

In order to make this clear to us I thought we would try to put a boy together today and see how it works out. Here are some large pieces of cardboard and on each is written a password to a girl's or a boy's character. What do you think they are?

Well, let's take the first one. "Honest" is this password. That's a good word, is it not? You could not build the United States on dishonest boys and girls, could you? Suppose there were dishonest men and women in our banks, in stores, in offices, in the government, what kind of country would we have? We would be afraid to put our money in a bank, or buy anything at a store.

Here is another. "Dependable." That means you can know where to find a boy. If he is dependable, he will be studying at school during the week, and he will be at church on Sunday. No dillydallying with a dependable girl and boy; if they say they will do anything, they will do it. They can be counted on to be on time, to see a task through. Yes, we could not build a boy or a country either without this password.

"Kind." This is a very important piece and, as you see, it is in the shape of a heart. We forget sometimes how important it is, and neglect being kind to our brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, teachers and friends. We may be very clever and bright in school, but if we are not kind, we cancel our brightness and cleverness. What this country needs is a large dose of kindness.

"Brotherly." The right kind of boy will carry about with him a brotherly heart. He will know that every boy or girl of the

world, no matter what race, religion, or nationality, is born of God's spirit and so is really a brother or sister. He will act like the brother he is.

This is what I mean: in St. Louis there is a Boy Scout troop made up entirely of Jewish boys. Not so very long ago, a young Christian boy by the name of Walter C. Gregory suddenly went blind. What do you think those boys did? They took him into their troop and taught him how to walk about the streets of his neighborhood. Then they raised funds so that he could have one of those fine dogs, called the Seeing Eye, and go to Morristown, New Jersey, where he was trained to handle the dog. That is being brotherly. Let us fit that piece into our boy.

"Brave." What a password that is! Of course our boy must be brave. You cannot build a country on cowardice. Our girl and boy must be filled with courage to do the right when they see it. No matter if the sky should threaten to fall on them, they will speak and stand for the truth.

"Conscientious." That is a big word but easy to understand. It means that down inside each one of us there is a voice which tells us what is right and what is wrong. A conscientious boy is one who obeys the voice, and trains the conscience so that more and more it will tell him what is right. No wonder this piece looks like Jiminy Cricket. You remember him in *Pinocchio*, I am sure, for it was he who stayed by Pinocchio and finally made a real boy out of him. Let us find a good place for our conscience.

"Patriotic." That's a good piece and a big one to fit into this boy of ours. It is in the shape of a flag. We would not think much of a boy who did not love his country, would we? Our boy will love his country so much that he will want it to stand always for the hard right against the easy wrong. He will try to help it see the right. His patriotism will want his nation ever to remain at peace, and best of all this patriotic boy of ours will live his own life in the peaceful way he desires his country to follow.

And here is a last piece, a large piece, in fact the largest

of all. It reaches into the head, and touches the heart. It has the shape of a cross. It is "religion." We could not build a great nation on boys and girls without religion, for then they would be greedy, selfish, careless, mean, and without a real direction in life. For religion tells boys and girls what life really is, and leads them to find happiness in giving to others. Religion faces them toward the light and gives direction, points out the road for them to follow.

Now we have our boy, the kind of boy on which one can build a nation. Let's turn him about. Do you see? A map—the United States of America. God bless America with boys and girls like this. For when we put boys and girls together right, the United States will have to be right.



Is Your Heart In Cold Storage?

And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God. Luke 17:15.

DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER has written an article in the *Christian Advocate* which he has titled, "Must You Keep Your Heart in Cold Storage?" What do you suppose he means—put it in the icebox? He explains it this way.

One day ten years ago he was talking to a minister regarding what they could be thankful for. Dr. Stidger said that he was thankful for a teacher who thirty years before had gone out of her way to get him interested in the poet Tennyson.

"Does she know this?" asked his friend.

"I'm afraid not. I've never taken the trouble to tell her."

Afterward he was troubled about it, so he sat down one evening and wrote her a thanksgiving letter. The letter was forwarded from town to town till it reached her; and then one day there came a reply.

MY DEAR WILLIE: (she still thought of him as a little boy)

I can't tell you how much your note meant to me. I am in my eighties, living alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, lonely, and lingering behind like the last leaf of fall.

You will be interested to know that I taught school for fifty years and yours is the first note of appreciation I ever received. It came on a blue, cold morning and it cheered me as nothing has in many years.

Dr. Stidger says that he was so affected by this letter that he made a list of fifty or more people who had done some kind act for him or had meant much to his life, and sitting down at his desk, wrote them all letters. Their answers were a delight to his heart. Each made two people happy: the one who received and the one who wrote.

He had taken his heart out of cold storage.

As I read this, I wondered to myself how many of us ever take the trouble to write just a few lines to one or to a number of people who have been a great help to us during the year.

Jesus had an experience somewhat like that of the school-teacher. You may know what a loathsome disease leprosy is. Lepers must stay away from other folks all their lives or until they are cured, which is very seldom. Sometimes they are sent away to lonely islands where they spend their lives with no contact with the rest of the world.

Well, one day Jesus was entering a certain village of Palestine when ten lepers stood far off and called on him to heal them. Jesus said, "Go show yourselves unto the priests." They went, and as they went they were cleansed.

Now—and here comes the sad part of this story—when the lepers found they were healed, they forgot all about Jesus and I suppose ran home shouting and singing. All except one. One came back to give thanks. Jesus said: "There were ten; where

are the nine?" The only one that came back was a Samaritan; he didn't even belong to Jesus' people.

Only one man remembered his teacher who had taught thousands of boys and girls over a period of fifty years. Only one man out of ten went back to thank Jesus. Can't we do better than that?

Just the other day I heard of a young man who sends flowers to his mother not on her birthday but on his own birthday. That's a fine idea, don't you think so? Better still, send flowers on both days, but to send your mother flowers on your own birthday is to let her know that you have not forgotten what she did for you.

Let's try writing letters this week. How about it? Let's not keep our hearts in cold storage.



Second Violin

And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all. Mark 9:35.

DID you ever see a boy or girl trying to be the most important person at a party, in a game, or in a play? Usually they end up by making fools of themselves for ordinarily we do not like one who is trying to puff himself up and appear to be important. Jesus said to his Disciples: "Be careful about this matter of first place, for it may turn out that the one who is last is most important and will take first place, while the one who thinks he is first may turn out to be at the tail end."

On a farm some years ago a father had the wonderful idea that he would have an orchestra in his family. Each of the five children was given an instrument to learn; the two oldest boys were to be violinists. When the time came to play together, it was discovered that one of the boys had to be first and one second; there were not two first violins. The question was, who would be first? Since one was older, it was decided that he should be. Did the second like that? Not one little bit. He chafed at being second for a number of years, and has not forgotten it to this day. He played his part but never happily or enthusiastically, always with a little bitterness in his heart. To him playing second violin in that orchestra was like playing "second fiddle" in life.

Not till years had passed did he learn how valuable a second violin is to an orchestra. In fact, you cannot have a symphony orchestra without second violins, and they are not rated lower than the firsts by the conductor or by the wise listener. With first violins only you have but a solo, never an orchestra with harmony. So do you see that the boy who thought he was second or last was in a sense first of all?

Some boys and girls are naturally more capable in certain directions than others. They may be keener students, better musicians, finer actors; but it does not mean that they are of more value in this life. The boy and girl who go along knowing that they are not as clever as some others, but realizing that they have an important part to play, and giving themselves to developing as best they can the talents they have, stand a great chance of coming to be first instead of last. Usually, not always, such ones develop habits of kindness and helpfulness in home, school, and church which the more brilliant often lack.

This point of playing gracefully and gladly what seems to be second fiddle is not easy to learn. There is a picture in my mind of a little red-brick schoolhouse set at the edge of a vast woods. The bell rings, and boys and girls stream out on the

playground. "First bat!" one boy yells, quickly followed by, "Pitcher!" "First base!" The idea was that if you yelled first and loud enough you had a right to the position you wanted. Of course there were some disputes and near riots before everything was settled and the "round ball" game was on. The ones who had to trot to the outfield felt they were practically out of the game. If you could not be a batter, pitcher, or first baseman, there was not much use in playing.

Often, since those days, I have smiled as I have watched outfielders in the Big Leagues back up against the fence and snare balls which if they had missed would have gone for home runs, and the ball game would have been lost then and there. If you want to get the greatest thrill in watching a ball game, keep your eyes on the outfielders. They, who seemed to us as boys to be last, have come to be first. Certainly you cannot have a championship team if the outfielders are weak.

A number of years ago on the Cape Fear River, North Carolina, forty miles from Washington, there lived a quiet, modest woman who all her life had played second fiddle. She had a son who became a popular artist and finally was called to make a trip to Europe. The mother went with him, but was hardly noticed; she stayed out of sight while her son was the center of attention. One day the model did not arrive for the picture the son was painting, and anxious to get some work done, the artist had his mother sit for him. Her clothes were just ordinary but she did the best she could with them and sat as she was told.

When the picture was finished the son called it "An Arrangement in Gray and Black," but the world called it something else: "Mother." It is one of this world's greatest pictures because it shows us the sweetness and light of a loving mother's heart. At Columbus, Ohio, when the picture was shown for a week, before being taken to the World's Fair at Chicago, I watched many boys and girls, men and women standing before it with tears in their eyes. They saw mother, their own mother,

who so often had placed herself last in the home, playing what appeared to be second fiddle, but who really was first in their orchestra of affection.

Let us try to keep this in mind. No matter where we are, what we may be set to do, let us do it with all our might, and thus earn our right to a place in God's orchestra.



What Does The Cross Mean?

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. John 15:13.

THAT is what Jesus did on Good Friday of Holy Week; He laid down his life for his friends, you and me. On that day our Master was taken up to the hill called Calvary and nailed to a cross between two thieves.

Because Jesus was hung upon that Cross and thereby gave his life for us, the Cross has been the heart of Christianity. When we look at it, a Voice speaks to us, saying, "Christ gave himself for you; what are you doing for him?"

That is why we have the Cross on our communion table. This table stands for brotherhood. When we have communion with God, we gather about it, desiring to be brothers to all God's children. But there cannot be real brotherhood without the sharing heart; there is no such thing as selfish brotherhood. So we have the Cross above the communion table, for the sharing life which it represents makes brotherhood possible. On either side there are flowers which express the beauty of the unselfish life that gives, and then the candles which

make us think of the light of the Cross moving out to all parts of the world. The gentle glow of the candles is the light of love streaming from the Cross.

The Cross, then, is the very center of this church, and of every church that is Christian, and it is well for us to have it where it will be a continual reminder that we cannot be Christian without it.

What manner of life is this—the unselfish, sharing life? Jesus, of course, is the best example, but there have been lives since his day made glorious by self-forgetfulness.

One is Noguchi. Noguchi was a Japanese physician, born in Japan in 1876. A graduate of Tokyo Medical College, in 1901 he came to the United States. In 1918 he discovered the yellow-fever germ, and made contributions to the study of infantile paralysis. But Noguchi was not satisfied; he wanted to do more, to give more of his life to others; and so in order to study a fever that was always fatal in Africa, he went there and began his experiments. For several years he worked and then he began trying out his experiments upon himself, not wanting to endanger the lives of others; but one day he contracted the fatal disease and died—died trying to help people rid themselves of this terrible fever. He did help them. Noguchi, the good Japanese physician, lived out, you see, the life of the Cross in his own way and today thousands of people honor and love him.

There was Horace Pitkin; he too gave all he had to give. Young, handsome, a graduate from one of our colleges, he went to Pao-Ting-Foo, China, to tell them about Jesus and live among them as Jesus lived. The Chinese loved this kind American; but one day there were some, called Boxers, who wanted to get rid of the “foreigners.” Trying to drive them out, they killed Americans and many people from other countries.

The Boxers went to Pao-Ting-Foo and attacked the missionary compound where Horace Pitkin, his wife, and young son were. Pitkin decided to go outside the gate and reason

with the frenzied attackers, but when he did so, he was instantly killed. He gave his life for the Chinese.

But this is what I want you to remember. Before he went out, he wrote a note to his wife, which was not read till after his death, asking that if he were killed, his son should be educated to become a missionary and return to Pao-Ting-Foo to continue his work. It was done. The son of Horace Pitkin went to China to carry on this great work of building brotherhood.

If there is anything more wonderful in this world, I do not know it. That is what the Cross means: forgiving love; that is why we bow before it. It means the Japanese Noguchi. It means the American Horace Pitkin. It means Jesus.

Will it mean you?



Christmas Comes To A Tree

For God so loved the world, that he gave . . . John 3:16.

HIS only begotten Son—on Christmas Day. And ever since the world has awakened on Christmas morning with a thrill of happiness. Something new and beautiful came to earth with the little Babe of Bethlehem. What was that? The spirit of giving. Christmas tells us that it is better to give than to receive; better to make someone happy than to please ourselves.

Let us see how a tree discovered this secret.

Deep in a forest of Maine, since early morning a spruce tree had been quietly weeping. When the day had begun, the little tree had been happy enough for the sun was shining

brightly and there was excitement in the air. Some men and boys had come with axes and shovels and were cutting and digging all around it. When the icy wind blew through its needles, the little tree hummed and whistled with them as they sang songs of Christmas. One by one the smaller trees were taken. "Here is a perfect one," a man would say. "What a beauty!" a boy would shout. Once someone came close to the spruce but only to laugh.

"We can't take you," said the voice, "you're too ugly. No one would want you."

Then the little tree knew what was wrong. For the first time it looked down at its branches and realized the boy was right; it was ugly. One of its branches hung down, another was far too long, and on one side there were no limbs at all. It was hurt through and through. Its friends were being taken to large and lovely houses where they would stand by the side of blazing fires with wonderful lights and gifts hung upon them, but that was not for the spruce; it was left alone.

As the sun mounted higher, the snow on its branches turned to tears which fell upon the ground, each drop burning a hole in the white blanket. With no one to talk to, it stood in the clearing, thinking sadly: "No one ever does anything for me. Why couldn't I be made happy at Christmas?"

What was that? It raised its head a little. Voices! Sure enough, coming straight toward it were several boys and girls excitedly running and shouting.

"Look!" said one, "a tree! Isn't it wonderful! Just for us. Hurry, let's get it home before dark."

They began to dig, and before long it felt itself moving, and then being borne aloft on the shoulders of sturdy boys. Soon, to its amazement, the spruce found itself set up in a corner of a rather bare-looking room. There was hardly any furniture and one of the windows had paper over it to keep out the cold. But that did not matter; there were love and merriment in the room, much laughing and singing.

The children gathered around with popcorn, red apples,

and angels cut out of colored paper. They hung them all over the tree till it fairly quivered with excitement. Finally they made a star out of silver paper and one of the boys hung it on the topmost branch. Then the family, father and mother, uncle and aunt, boys and girls, and even the littlest girl joined hands and danced around singing the loveliest Christmas carols the spruce had ever heard.

What a Christmas! Who would have dreamed that anyone could have such happiness in a place like that! The tree looked down at itself. "Why, I'm positively beautiful!" it cried.

"Yes," said a voice which seemed to come from a little angel near the star. "You are beautiful. All giving hearts are beautiful. You wanted to have things given to you. You thought you were ugly and had nothing to give. But see what happiness you have brought to these children. Christmas is the time when God gave—gave His Son. Do you understand?"

The tree nodded its head till the star almost fell out. It did understand.

After the lights went out and the family was asleep, the little spruce, tingling with excitement, hummed Christmas carols to itself through the long, quiet night.

Do you understand? God so loved the world that He gave. Christmas is giving, sharing, bringing cheer to someone. What will you give?



It Was All My Fault

And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on evil. For they said

unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him. And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: and I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf. Exodus 32:22-24.

WHAT was Aaron doing here? We would call it in our modern day "passing the buck."

True, the people of Israel were set on evil, but it was not all their fault. Aaron also wanted a golden image to worship, so while Moses was on the mountain, he told them to bring their gold. The Scripture says that he threw the gold into the fire, then fashioned it into the shape of a calf. But when Moses asked him what had happened, Aaron said that he threw the gold into the fire and it came out a calf. Ridiculous, of course, but Aaron had to put the blame on someone or something. First he said that the people demanded it, then added that the fire had made the image.

Aaron, you plainly see, was passing the buck. It was not his fault. It was the people's fault; no, the fire was to blame.

Have you ever done that? Have you ever done something which was wrong, then blamed someone else for it? Have you ever kicked up a rumpus with your brothers and sisters and then promptly said that a brother or a sister started it? You were entirely innocent. "He hit me first," you said; or "My foot slipped and she fell; I didn't do a thing." Ridiculous, to be sure, but you were not honest enough to stand up and say, "It was all my fault."

There was a man who was not afraid to take the blame, and because of that and his fine Christian character, he has taken a high place in the hearts of American people. It was Robert E. Lee, Confederate general during the Civil War which lasted from 1861 to 1865. In my opinion and in the opinion of many who have followed closely the armies of the North and the

South, Lee was by far the greatest general in the war. He was beloved by his other generals, subordinate officers, the common soldiers, and the people of the South.

Gettysburg was the high point of the war, and the turning point of it. It corresponded to Stalingrad in this war, and Verdun in the First World War. Lee with the Army of Northern Virginia was moving north toward Washington through Pennsylvania when he came against Meade's Army of the Potomac at the little town of Gettysburg. For the first two days Lee and his army seemed to have the best of the battle; but on the third day the Union Army seized a bit of high ground called Cemetery Ridge. There was only one thing to do: to drive them from it, so Lee ordered a charge. Pickett led this charge across a mile of flat land straight into a murderous fire. The Confederate line charged bravely and reached the ridge but they could not hold it and had to retreat, badly cut up, leaving many of their fifteen thousand men lying on the field or prisoners.

As the defeated men streamed back, Lee was mounted on his horse Traveller, waiting for them. "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel," he said to one, "a sad day; but we can't always expect to win victories." (Up to that time the Army of Northern Virginia had won many battles.) For everyone he had a chance to speak to, he had a word of cheer. "All will come right in the end—we'll talk it over afterward—we want all good and true men just now."

To General Pickett, who had led the disastrous charge, Lee said: "Come, General Pickett, this has been my fight, and upon my shoulders rests the blame. The men and officers of your command have written the name of Virginia as high today as it ever has been written before." To soldiers crowding around him, he said: "You men have done all that men could do: the fault was entirely my own."

It was not, of course. In a way Lee was commander on the field and could be held to blame for the defeat, but if you

study the battle closely you will see that there were others who made mistakes too. Stuart with his cavalry had disobeyed orders and galloped too far north to be of any use in spotting the enemy. Airplanes had not been invented then and so generals had to depend upon cavalry as eyes. Then, too, Ewell was not as bold a general as Stonewall Jackson, who had been killed, and did not try to take the high ground the day before when Lee wanted him to do it. More than that, General Longstreet was very slow in bringing up the First Corps.

Some generals might have said, "My hands are clear; if so and so had not done this, and if so and so had done that as I desired, and if so and so had done this other thing promptly, we would have won. As it is I am not to blame. They lost the battle for me." He could have said that, as Aaron said, "It wasn't my fault; the people wanted the idol; the fire made it. All I did was to throw the people's gold into the fire." Instead General Lee with great humility said simply, "It was all my fault."

When we are tempted to pass the buck or lay the blame entirely on someone else, will we remember Robert E. Lee?



Courage---Plus

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him two.
Matthew 5:41.

WHAT does this mean, "Compel thee to go a mile?" To understand it, we must remember that Rome had overrun Palestine

at the time these words were spoken by Jesus. A Roman soldier with baggage to carry would compel a Jew to carry the baggage for him, but only one mile. At the end of the mile the Jew could go back to his home, and the Roman would have to impress another into his service. Now, says Jesus, if any Roman soldier does this to you, do not stop at the end of the first mile; carry his baggage two miles. That extra mile will show him your good will, and naturally he will feel more kindly toward you and other Jewish people in the future.

What was it that would perform the miracle? Not the first mile, of course, for that was required. It was the second mile, the plus, the extra which was not required but gladly given beyond the call of duty.

It is what boys and girls do beyond what they have to do which distinguishes some from others.

The United States government recognizes this in time of war. There is quite a difference between the Distinguished Service Medal and the Congressional Medal of Honor. The first is given to a soldier who contributes service which merits or deserves particular commendation or praise. The Congressional Medal of Honor is very different. It is given only to the man who has performed an act of valor "beyond the call of duty." The United States Code says of it: "The President is authorized to present, in the name of Congress, a medal of honor only to each person who, while an officer or enlisted man of the Army, shall, in action involving actual conflict with an enemy, distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty."

During the last war some Medals of Honor were presented, one to Captain Cassin Young of the Navy, who was blown off his bridge at Pearl Harbor but swam back to the ship. Oil was burning all about him but he reached the ship, took command again, and saved it.

Above and beyond. Medals of honor are waiting in this

world for boys and girls who will live above and beyond the call of duty. There is a prize awaiting you at school. The boy who excels is the one who is not satisfied simply to make the teacher believe he knows the lesson; he actually masters the day's work. The girl who goes on and wins honors in education is the one who studies much more than is required, who is never satisfied with just getting by. The difference between B and A, or Good and Excellent, is the difference between the first and the second mile. An A grade or a mark of Excellent is the result of work, plus more work.

It does not take a man long, who hires men to work for him, to tell who deserves the medal, whose pay should be raised, or which man should be elevated to a higher position. An employer's eye soon singles out the one who does not watch the clock and is not always asking for more pay, but rather, is intent only in doing a plus day's work. His work stands out as "above and beyond the call of duty."

This is true everywhere. Take it in the home. After dinner, there are the dishes! Uhh, uhh! How many things girls and boys can think of to do just as the dishes are being removed from the table. It is almost amazing how quickly they find something important which must be done at once. Yet there stand those dishes and they just won't wash themselves. There are two ways of doing them: one the minus way, the "just get by" way; the other the plus way, the glad, "willing to do more than necessary" way. Do you have a Distinguished Service Medal of Honor for dishwashing and helpfulness about the home?

This plus, extra-mile way of doing things is very important when it comes to following Christ. For until we learn to live the plus way, we will never be happy as we should be. To give just a few pennies or dollars to the Church of Christ, and never enough to cause us to give up something we have wanted very much, is to miss the happy, plus life. To forgive

once or twice and stop at that is like laying your baggage down at the end of the first mile. Jesus said not once must you forgive but seventy times seven, four hundred ninety times. That is a lot of times, is it not? Jesus was trying so hard to impress upon you and me the fact that there is only one way to a happy life. In all your Christian living, in kindness, in love, in good will, forgiveness, service to those who need us, you must always go above and beyond the call of duty. Then will you not simply be distinguished for unselfishness and kindness among your friends and playmates, but also you will find honor in the sight of God.



Dead Center

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. Revelation 3:15.

IN OTHER words, I wish you were one thing or the other. As it is you are nothing, sort of lukewarm, wishy-washy, on "dead center."

Dead center—what do I mean by that? To help you understand, let us go back to an Ohio farm when I was a boy. At last the day toward which we had looked forward so longingly would come. A mile away I could see the smoke of the engine and hear the thin, high blast of the whistle. How thrilled we boys were! Threshing day was at hand, with the always curious engine and threshing machine, neighbors strolling in to exchange jokes and news, long tables in the dining

room loaded with "store" meat, cakes and pies, and wash-tubs filled with iced tea. Best of all was the moment when the engineer would blow a shrill toot by tugging at a cord, then pull a lever and the great flywheel would turn, the broad belt to the separator begin to slap, and the fun was on. That is, it was fun for a boy who was too young to pitch sheaves, carry wheat, or stack straw.

But now and then—and it seemed very strange to me—when the engineer pulled the lever which opened the throttle, the engine would not start. No sir, it stood just as still as before; all you could hear was its heavy breathing. What would happen then? The engineer would let out a shout, and several men would come running, and jumping up, throw their weight on one side of the flywheel till it moved just a bit. After that, it would start turning slowly and pick up speed very quickly. Standing near-by in open-eyed wonder, I used to ask what the trouble was. The engineer would say, "It is on center." By continually plying him with questions, I found that there is a spot at which the steam cannot get through to move the piston. When the wheel stops exactly at that spot, the engine is dead; it is on "dead center." Move it just a little way one direction or the other, and the force of the steam will drive the piston.

It never occurred to me then that boys and girls could get on "dead center" too, but they can. Do you remember the rich young man who came running to Jesus asking what he could do to inherit eternal life? He was a handsome lad, nicely dressed, courteous, reverent, well-behaved, obedient. Jesus gave him one look and loved him; but he could not use him, nor could he give him eternal life. Why? Because the young man was on "dead center." Jesus told him the only way to eternal life was to give everything he had to God. The youth did not want to do that. He could not make up his mind fully to follow Christ though he wanted to go a

little way. So the wheel never turned; it stayed as it was, and the young man went home sorrowfully.

Some boys and girls miss all the happiness of religion because they never quite make up their minds to give all they have to Christ. They want to give something, but all is too much, they think. So they give a little spare time here and a little money there, but never themselves. They are neither hot nor cold, says John. They are lukewarm. Their religious engine is on "dead center." No wonder such boys and girls grown to manhood and womanhood never move anything in their community toward the kingdom of God.

There are "dead center" boys and girls in school. These are they who let the flywheel of study stop and never really get it started again. Oh, they study some, perhaps just enough to get by, but never do they put all they have into their work. And many go along through life the same way, with the flywheel of effort sufficient to make them successful, stalled at dead center.

"I would thou wert either cold or hot." He might have been saying this to those of us who never make up our minds about anything but are likely to follow what someone else says. In a meeting when something comes up which we do not like, we do nothing about it. Of course afterward we do a lot of talking, but during the meeting we are neither hot nor cold, just a bit lukewarm.

That old threshing machine out in Ohio has something to say to us, has it not? It says, "When your playmates say or do things you know are not right, don't be wishy-washy. Say what you think. Protest. Stand for something. Don't be flabby. Decide. Express an opinion. Make up your mind. Be willing of course to change when new facts come, but have a mind of your own. Don't stay forever on dead center."

All the time that wheel was stuck at dead center, the steam was waiting in the boiler of the engine to use its power. The steam was ready to help. All the time you and I are at dead

center in our hearts, the power of God is waiting to rush in and turn the wheels of service, brotherhood, and helpful living.

Let us, then, move off dead center and give God a chance.



A Lie And An Ox

That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. I Timothy 2:2.

Do you notice that godliness and honesty are closely connected in this letter of Paul to Timothy? You cannot be godly unless you are honest, and if you are honest, you are likely to be close to God, Paul means to say. Then, too, if you want a quiet and peaceable life, you will live in godliness and honesty. Here are four words which go together: quiet, peace, God, honesty.

Now if we take the opposite of these words, we will find that they go together too. Restlessness instead of quiet, discord for peace, evil instead of God, and dishonesty for honesty. Restlessness, discord, evil, dishonesty—do you see how they fit together?

Let us see how discord grows out of dishonesty in a story given us by Mary Ellen Chase, in *Windswept*, her recent novel. The story is told by Jan, the Czechoslovakian bootblack who, leaving his own country in Europe, finds a home at Windswept, a house on the bold and rocky coast of Maine. Here is Jan's story:

Anton and his brother Jan always wanted to go to the great

city of Prague. They had never been there though they lived only twenty miles away. One day the chance came, and were they delighted when a rich neighbor said to them: "One of my sons is sick and the other son, he is to be married tomorrow and does not want to work. Will you and Anton go with me to Prague with a great load of wood for the market, to help me?" Would they go to see the great city of their dreams! They were beside themselves with joy.

Jonas Jurka had two large red oxen hitched to the cart, one of which he called Krok and the other Ottokar, names of old Bohemian kings. Ottokar was an obedient and gentle ox; Krok was not so good, in fact Jonas declared that the devil dwelt just inside his tough hide. How Krok did stamp, bellow, and throw his tail about when he was asked to pull his share of the load; at times he would come to a dead stop and then the sharp stick and the heavy whip had to be used.

"I mean to sell that Krok in the market of Prague," he told Jan and Anton. "I will not tell of his bad tricks, and I will get much money for him, for he looks well and strong. I will save my money, for I tell you, boys, one good ox is better for a poor man than one good ox and one bad one together."

When they came within sight of the city, they could hardly breathe so filled were they with excitement. The lovely sound of the bells from the many towers, the bright clothes, and the great houses filled their hearts with a sweet joy.

After they had sold their wood in the market, Jonas pocketed the money and said: "Now I will sell Krok, if the devil will for a time leave his skin."

He took Krok out of the yoke and wrote out a little sign which he put on the ox's back. It read, "A kind ox to sell cheap." At once a peasant woman came up and, reading the note, walked around the animal, feeling his back with her hands as she did so. Krok grew suddenly angry at this and lashing his tail covered the poor woman with mud.

"See," she cried, "how your stupid ox has spoiled my holiday

dress! You will pay me silver for his dirt!" And sure enough, Jonas to quiet her had to give her some silver from his pocket.

A farmer and his small boy were the next to approach. Jonas knowing that the farmer was very wealthy began to tell a long story of how very kind and good, gentle and obedient Krok was. But in the very midst of the story the ox grew angry again and swinging his horns about quickly, tore the skin of the boy's face so that it bled.

"You stupid man!" yelled the farmer. "You lying mule, you gabbling gander! You will pay me well for the hole your ox has made in my boy's face." Jonas to his disgust had to pay more silver.

After that he decided that they had better start home, for the sun was already beginning to move toward the horizon. Jonas by this time was so angry that he struck Krok a number of times with his whip and stuck him with the sharp stick. Finally the ox could stand it no longer and giving a great leap broke away and went jumping and bellowing across a field, tramping down a farmer's grain as he went.

"You will pay me for the grain that your ox has trampled down, or I will go to the law!" cried the farmer, running out. Jan and Anton had to cover their faces with their hands now for it was positively funny.

By this time the sun had gone down and the moon was coming up. Jonas and the boys, leaving Ottokar with the farmer, who was really very kind, went in search of Krok. Where did they find him? Down by the river hidden in some trees by a band of gypsies who wouldn't give him up.

"The ox," said a gypsy, "ran away from you and came to us. So he is ours. Is not findings keepings? What comes to us is ours, is it not right, brothers? You will give us coins for our ox or we will keep him. We are more than you, and we keep this good ox."

Imagine Jonas' rage as he had to reach down into his pocket once more and pay out some silver.

It was sunrise when they reached home, Jan and Anton, the two oxen, and the mad Jonas. Was he angry! He would not give the boys a cent for their work, and even refused to speak to their father and mother and neighbors as they came out to welcome them home. Their father laughed as he said later: "Well, sometimes the devil he does good and right things."

That was the way they saw the city of Prague.

And that was the way Jan and Anton discovered that it is not good to tell a lie and cheat.

If you want to live a quiet and peaceable life, says Paul, you will live in godliness and honesty.



The Magic Of A Three-Foot Rule

For Demas forsook me, having loved this present world.
II Timothy 4:10.

WE WOULD like to know more about Demas but there is not much more to know. In only two other letters does Paul, who wrote this letter to Timothy, mention Demas. Once in Colossians he writes, "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas salute you;" and again in his letter to Philemon, he says, "Demas, Luke, my fellow-workers."

That is all there is when there might have been a great deal. From the verses and phrases we gather this fact: Demas was a fellow-worker with Paul and Luke; he journeyed with them, teaching about Christ and organizing the church. But

one day something happened: Demas left them, gave up and went home. Paul says, he loved this present world too much.

Demas gave up too soon. How often it happens that boys and girls make an effort, try hard for a time, but give up when victory is just around the bend.

Do you know the story of Darby, the young man who some years ago went west when the news came that gold had been discovered in Colorado? Darby staked out a claim, began to dig, and soon—gold! Large quantities of it, he found, whereupon he rushed back to his home to raise the money to buy and install machinery. All went well for a while but suddenly—no gold. It had run out. Darby's faith ran out too, and so he gave up, sold out at quite a loss, and went home.

The secondhand adventurer who bought the mine called in some experts who told him that the earth had slipped just a bit at this point. So he began digging down at the very spot where Darby had stopped. One foot, two feet, three feet—and then gold! piles of it, fabulous amounts of it. The mine had not given out, you see; Darby had. He fell short of wealth by only three feet.

Darby never forgot that lesson, and when he set out to work as a salesman always remembered the three feet more which brought success and riches to the other gold digger. So he never gave up, and finally came to be the best salesman in America in his line, earning enough to pay back every cent he had borrowed from friends and relatives.

Donald A. Laird, who tells us this story, says that when he heard about Darby he went to a ten-cent store, bought a yardstick and placed it on his desk. When tempted to leave off a task and go home, he would pick up the ruler, and it would say to him, "Keep on, Laird; don't give up yet."

It was a good thing he had that magic yardstick for he needed it. He wrote an article for a magazine and the editor

promptly sent it back to him. Of course that was discouraging to a young man, and he was about to toss the manuscript into the wastepaper basket when the ruler on his desk said quietly, "Dig some more." He revised the article and sent it in; back it came again. Finally, after he had made the article over quite a number of times, he decided to send it to one more magazine, the one to which he had feared sending it at first. To his great amazement and delight, the *Yale Review* accepted it, asking whether fifteen dollars would be satisfactory. Fifteen dollars! Why, it was a fortune to him then.

The ruler had done its magic work! Three feet more, and he had won!

There is a young man I know who had every chance to be a top pitcher in baseball at college. John had done well in high school but he did not try out for the college freshman team. However, he did pitch a game for his fraternity and on the strength of his splendid pitching in that game was asked by the varsity coach to go out for the college team.

He joined the squad but he dug in only a foot or two. After a while he grew tired of practicing. No one was paying much attention to him; the coach hardly seemed to know he was about. As a matter of actual fact, he was considered the pitcher of greatest promise on the entire squad, but John did not know that. So he allowed himself to become discouraged and finally decided to give up. On commencement day when the great game was to be played, John, who should have been pitching, was walking gloomily about the campus.

What he needed was a three-foot rule to say to him: "Don't give up; keep on digging."

During the Revolutionary War history tells us that a certain commander of attacking forces gave up after several assaults and withdrew his troops. Afterward it was discovered that those defending the fort could not have withstood another attack. In fact they had already given up, but the attacking commander did not know it. The gold was there

for him; just one inch more of digging would have uncovered it.

Every week boys and girls are working on hard and knotty problems, perhaps in arithmetic—numbers as you call it now. After you have tried once or twice and failed, what are you going to do? Give up? Yawn, pick up the “funnies,” start reading a light book, or are you going to take up that magic yardstick and keep on digging?

What are you going to do all through life? What you do today, you are more likely to do later. Will you forsake Christ, as did Demas, or will you follow him always, even when you tire a bit, and the way grows hard?



Taking Short Cuts

Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Matthew 4:8-9.

IT WAS immediately after he had been baptized, when Jesus was led into the wilderness, that the devil came and tempted him. No one has ever had such temptations as those set before Jesus. Our Master had just found the source of his power: he felt the life of the Father throbbing in his veins. The devil, knowing that, very cleverly tempted Jesus at the point of his power.

"Come," said the devil, "if you are the Son of God, you have great power. Here are the kingdoms of the world. Wouldn't you like to have them all bowing at your feet? Very well—I'll tell you what to do. Take a short cut. Do what I tell you. Be a hero. Be a conqueror with mighty forces which God will give you. Bow down and worship me, and these kingdoms shall all be yours."

Jesus said, "No, I can't do that. I worship only my Father. It will be a long way round, to conquer the hearts of these kingdoms by His spirit of love, but that is the only way in the end."

Then the devil found it was no use to dangle a short cut before him, and he left Jesus. Angels came, the Scripture tells us.

Short cuts. How attractive they are! Who has not tried one? Some years ago Mrs. Weist and I were going to New England. By taking the wrong road, which we do now and then, we found ourselves in a valley with some high hills between our destination and us. Stopping at a general store, we were told that the place we wanted was twenty-five miles around the mountains but—and here came trouble! As you have anticipated—a short cut. Oh yes, there was a road which wound up the hill right back of the store which would get us over in less time than we could say "Jack Robinson." Was it a good road? Fairly so. Were cars traveling it? Yes indeed, a big car had come over the road that very morning. That settled it. If a big car had made it easily, certainly our jalopy would be able to do it.

So gaily we set out to grind up the hill. After several miles, however, the road seemed to run out into a woods trail and pretty soon we nearly ran kerplunk into a marker. To our surprise we had come to a dividing of the way; the storekeeper had not said anything about that. One trail bore off to the left, one to the right. Which should we take? We talked and talked and talked and finally after meeny-miney-mo-ing

over it, decided to take the road to the right. But what a road! Not three hundred feet had we gone when our light car almost mired down. Finally we pulled out of that mudhole only to slide into a deeper one. Even when we slowly started down hill, we were in danger of finding the frame of our car resting on a sea of mud. I would run ahead a little way; then when I felt we could maneuver across, Mrs. Weist would slowly chug the car through. Every moment we expected to find a big tree across our path, and we knew full well there was no turning about in those woods.

Yes, we finally did come out to the main road, but I could have said "Jack Robinson" ten thousand times. It took us longer than it would have taken to go around, and our light-painted car was covered with mud. We learned something from that however. Now when we hear: "There's a shorter way to New Burrington, and the road is just as good," we smile and drive straight ahead. No more short cuts for us.

It is too bad that we have to mire down somewhere before we discover that. How many boys and girls mire down in school, and some of them never discover it. A teacher in our high school used to say to us almost every week: "There is no royal road to success." He was talking to those who thought there were short cuts to education. They would look up the answers in the back of the arithmetic and cheat in examination if they had a chance. They would get an education quickly. What they actually did do was to drop out in a year or two. Their short cuts let them down in a sea of dumbness.

A few years ago a trusted employee of a bank in our city was discovered taking money. He had been doing it for a year or more, and when it was found out, the sum he had stolen amounted to forty thousand dollars. "Why did you do it?" I asked him at the county jail. "I don't know," he said for a time, then admitted that he had to have money quickly to meet his bills, and this seemed the easiest way.

It looked like an easy, short trip across the mountain of theft but the road was not solid and let him down in a sea of loneliness (he had a wife and lovely little girl) and regret.

There is no royal road to peace among nations; no quick way across the mountains which we can rush in and take, and before we can say "Jack Robinson" be at the City of Peace. Jesus has given us a way round, the way of good will and love. We may not want to take the time necessary to build bridges of brotherhood between nations and races, but this is the only sure and lasting way. Some day we will discover the truth of that.

As boys and girls let us remember that there is no royal road to the Kingdom which Christ talked about, no short cut to Christian character. You and I must be ready to take the long way, the tried way. Day after day, year after year, we must patiently build, watching the signposts along the way, walking hand in hand with our companion, Christ; and then one day he will lead us around the mountains of life and we will find ourselves in the City of God.



Scouts May Hold The World Together

God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. Acts 17:26.

I AM glad to talk to Scouts today for the world is in dire need, and you have something vital to contribute. Perhaps without being conscious of it, alongside the forces of religion,

you are doing something very definite without which this civilization of ours will surely stumble into the pit of destruction.

Not so long ago a flywheel in a factory revolving at a tremendous speed suddenly flew into a thousand pieces. Within a few days sixty engineers from many parts of the country were there to study the ruins to discover if possible what caused the wreck.

I wonder sometimes whether engineers of humanity are studying as carefully the wheel of this world which is flying to pieces. Just think how we are being broken up. What our world needs must be very evident. We need those who will help bring the nations together, and because Scouts are attempting that, we are happy to have a part with them in this great Scout movement.

How will you help to hold the world together? You will do it by living out a kind of brotherhood. In your troops no race or religion is barred. Protestant, Catholic, and Jew stand, play, and work side by side. Thus week after week you are showing the world how brotherhood can be lived.

A few years ago I had a class of seven-year-old boys. One day I talked to the boys about God being the Father of us all, which fact makes us all brothers. Why then do we fight each other and destroy so much? I asked. A hand went up. "Because we don't realize we are brothers," said a bright-eyed little boy.

We do not realize. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." We might say, "A Girl Scout, a Boy Scout shall lead us." For by your organization and your daily life you are helping us to realize that we are brothers, and if we are brothers, we must act like brothers.

When I was in China during the last war I happened to be in Nanking when the boys and girls of the province were having a great field day. Following the parade to the athletic field, I saw sports and games almost the same as we have

here in America. In one corner of the field I witnessed a scene which particularly interested me. Here were Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts setting up tents, lighting fires, and wigwagging flags. As I approached they recognized me as an American and began smiling; broad, John Chinaman smiles wreathed their faces. At once between us there was a bond of friendship. Why? Because they knew about the Scouts in America and felt that they had brothers and sisters over here.

Scouting reminds us that the human race has much in common. We are very much alike, after all, we humans, no matter where we live. We eat, sleep, work, and play; we love our parents, our friends, and our country; we have a deep desire to live at peace with our fellows; and we have a longing for God. Yes, and Paul says, we have something more than that in common: our blood is the same. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

Perhaps you have not heard of the experiment made a few years ago. A drop of blood from a Negro was placed on a bit of glass; a drop from a white man on another; drops from an Indian and a Japanese were placed on still others. Then unmarked they were taken to a laboratory. When the report was announced, it was found that the chemist could not tell which blood belonged to which, in fact he could make out no difference at all between the drops. We are made of one blood, all the nations to dwell on the face of the earth.

That should make us think. If we are such blood brothers around the world, when are we going to learn to live like brothers? That is the question for you and me to answer.

I am happy that you are answering it in such a practical way; and I am hoping that you will live out your Scout principles so well that one day the world will be brought together as God intended, and peace will come. Scouts may bring and hold the world together.



Stealing Watermelons

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine. Luke 10:33-34.

A SMART lawyer tried to trap Jesus one day by asking him who his neighbor was. In reply Jesus told the story of the man who was beaten by robbers on that very dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho. After the robbers were gone, two men coming along, a priest and a Levite, saw the poor man, but moved over to the other side of the road and passed him by. Then a Samaritan came and helped him.

We will miss the point of the story unless we see that while the priest and Levite were Jews and should have gone to the aid of their own countryman, it was a man from a hated country to the north, a Samaritan, who took pity on the sufferer. Jesus, you see, was trying to show this whippersnapper lawyer that there was good in men of other races and other religions, much good where they little suspected it.

How true this is, the most of us know. Often we meet a boy and girl and at first think there is nothing worth while in them, only to find to our surprise that there is much good buried under the surface in their hearts. How several boys in the Middle West discovered this is an interesting story.

Some years ago it was common practice to steal watermelons. It was hardly considered stealing—it was a sort of “borrowing”—for there was so much fun in trying to outwit

the farmer who owned the patch, but it was stealing just the same. Now and then some very bad boys would cut the vines after taking what they wanted, which was a very mean thing to do, but usually they would content themselves with the ripest and best melons.

On a hill overlooking a lovely valley there lived two brothers who had the idea one day of playing a trick on a neighbor boy. This boy was rough, and a bit dumb, they figured, just the kind to fall into their trap, so they thought they would frighten him.

Taking into their confidence another neighbor boy, the two brothers planned with him to pretend stealing some melons from a patch which they had been watching for some time. The patch lay right next to a creek—melons grow better in sandy soil—and all about were bushes and trees where they could hide. Two of the boys were to creep into the patch with the other, their victim, and the older brother at the right moment was to fire his father's shotgun into the air from a bush near-by. At that the younger brother was to fall as though wounded, while the other two were to make their escape.

The night came; there was a lovely moon, just the kind for such a party. Stealthily the three boys sneaked down the road and into the patch. Hardly had they found a good, ripe melon, however, when the shotgun, sounding like a cannon in the stillness, was fired. Instantly the younger brother fell to the ground holding his side. The neighbor boy, who knew the trick, ran expecting the other to run with him. But he didn't. He would not budge but stayed by his friend, kneeling in the moonlight to see how badly he was hurt and to try to help him. In vain his companion urged him to run. He stayed there, not caring who would come to arrest him, nor who might shoot again from the bushes.

As you may well believe, the father of the two boys, hearing the shot and the cries, ran down to the patch to lead his two crestfallen sons home to the woodshed. They learned

a valuable lesson that night, not from the razor strop, but from the fact that the boy they had scorned a bit was made of such good stuff. At heart he was a hero, not a coward nor a quitter. He stood by his friend.

Which of these boys do you think was the real neighbor? The one who had so much that was good hidden in his heart?



Transplanting Balsam

For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots by the river, and shall not fear when heat cometh, but its leaf shall be green. Jeremiah 17:8.

WHO shall be as this tree? The prophet tells us: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is," for he shall be as a tree with roots.

Last summer we decided to plant some more balsams back of our summer camp. So with shovel, pick, and ax Muffie, Ket, and I went deep into the woods. We found five healthy young trees and soon had them planted where their beauty could be seen, and where they would hide a small building. We were careful to bring some of the soil in which the trees had been growing, and also to soak the roots well before we put them into the ground. In addition, for several weeks before we left for home, we poured buckets of water over them every day.

To our keen disappointment, however, when we returned this year, we found only one alive. Why should this be? we wondered. Then I remembered: in digging up one of the

trees we had been very careful to follow the roots for quite a little way before we tore them up. This particular tree had sufficient rootage and lived; the others were short of roots and died. We replanted and, as you may well guess, were careful to leave plenty of roots.

Jeremiah looked at the trees planted by the water in Palestine, and said that they live and grow because they have roots. They do not fear when the heat comes and drought descends, for the roots reach out to the river where they drink in the cool, refreshing water. Those who have traveled in Palestine tell us that the valley of the Jordan is parched and dry except along the river; the Jordan resembles an avenue of green in a treeless city on a terribly hot summer day.

Rootage. How many boys and girls fail in life because they have no roots? One goes to school but that is about all, just goes. It seems to be a game of hide and seek which he is playing with his teachers, for he tries to get by with as little work as possible. As a result, there are some leaves, the tree looks like a real tree, but there is no depth. Let him go into a profession or business and meet a situation in which knowledge or the ability to think is demanded and his tree begins to wither. Did you ever think that when you make the most of educational advantages, you are throwing out roots which will always supply your life with needed strength?

Rootage is what is meant, I suppose, when the word "background" is used. What is the background of this young lady? employers ask me. What are her habits? What kind of home does she come from? What of her education? Does she go to church, and what does religion mean to her? In other words, has she thrown out roots of character and habit which she can draw upon?

Most of all, our trees of life need to be rooted in religion. One day I sent a recommendation to a large department store for a young woman of the church who was applying for a position. A few days later I dropped into the store to talk to the manager. He said, "Are you the one who sent that girl?"

Well, we took her, and we'll take all you send us. We find that young men and women with a church background are more likely to be honest and dependable than those we take from the street."

That was quite a recommendation for the work of the church, was it not? But most of all for religion; for when young people from the church have pushed the roots of their lives into the river of faith, they can better stand the tests of temptation.

"Blessed is the young man, the young woman, who trusts in the Lord, whose hope the Lord is." They will be staunch and true, cheerful and brave, because they are rooted deep in the soil of God.



Helen In The Lion's Den

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.
Isaiah 11:6.

IMAGINE that! a wolf dwelling side by side with a lamb, and not tearing the lamb to pieces. A lion and a young calf together, and the calf not being afraid. Why is this? The old prophet Isaiah tells us that it is because a new day will come when a man shall arise who has within him the spirit of God. Everything will be changed. Instead of hate and cruelty there will be wisdom, gentleness, understanding, and righteousness. The child will play with the poisonous asp because snakes and all animals will know that the child does not mean to

do them harm. "They shall not destroy or hurt," he says, "in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Do you believe that? Most people probably think that it is only a lovely dream, but perhaps we will understand what the prophet was seeing in his mind when I tell you what happened to Helen Keller, who, as you know, is blind, deaf, and for a long time was also dumb.

One day when she was a girl, she asked to be taken to a zoo. She could not see or hear the animals but she had something in mind, so they humored her. Arrived at the zoo, she wanted to be taken to the lions' cage. Then she expressed a desire to be allowed to go in where the fierce animals were. The keeper protested at this, for he was sure she would be torn limb from limb. She kept insisting, however, and the keeper finally let her stand just inside the cage.

Once inside, to the amazement of those who looked on, she walked across to a big lion, who eyed her in not too unfriendly fashion. Quietly, going up to him she laid her hand gently on his mane and stroked it. After that she felt for his back legs and ran her hands over them.

To the surprise of everyone she kneeled in front of the huge beast almost between his front legs and stroked them softly. Having satisfied herself as to the body of the lion, she arose and quietly walked out of the cage. All this time the lion did not move; with one stroke of his forepaw he could have crushed her. Why did he not do it?

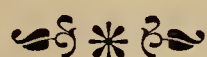
There is only one reason: somehow he sensed her gentleness. He knew she did not mean to do him harm, so why should he be angry? He knew also that she did not fear him; there was mutual trust.

It was a sort of miracle, was it not? A miracle of love and gentleness. Jesus talked a great deal about the power of love, you will remember, and often showed how evil spirits in men are quieted when love is present. He said that a new

way of life would appear on this earth when we learned what kindness will do to the angry spirits of men.

When love and gentleness reign, the larger nation will live beside the smaller one and the smaller will not be afraid. Fierce, strong men will lose their fierceness and live side by side with weaker ones. "They shall not destroy in all my holy mountain for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Since we have not tried the power of love, is it not about time we gave it a chance?



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